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The Genteel Tradition at Bay. I. By George Santayana, on page 502

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Mental Unemployment

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia used an expressive phrase when he described the hordes of drifters in our colleges as suffering from educational unemployment. They are not idle; on the contrary, many of them are working as hard at pleasure as they ever will at law or business. The social activities of an American college in "big game" week would make a bee's wing lose a beat! And many, perhaps most, of the rest are deeply engaged in a whirl of extra curriculum activities, where, for the most part, they are acquiring in an amateur fashion, not sweetness or light surely, but a good deal of experience in "contacting," managing, manipulating, and other tricks useful in a business career. No one can assert that more than a minority of the college body are trying to see what they can do with their minds in the fields of intellectual endeavor where there is no expectation of immediate social prestige, or later financial reward. Educationally they are unemployed.

Not utterly unemployed, of course, if we give a broad enough meaning to education, for they are busy with the margins if not with the text. And, indeed, few Americans could wish to see the competitive rigors of Continental academic education enforced in the United States. A school and university career with little leisure, no athletics, a narrow social life, and nothing to enrich the lean sinews of academic training, is not in itself desirable unless, as in Europe, it becomes an absolute necessity. After all, we are educating to live, not just to make a living. But that in literature, philosophy, economics, sociology, or natural science the college student should in such numbers find no fixed employment, explains a good deal that happens afterwards.

* * *

For the adult American mind has in recent years shown alarming signs of being also unemployed. Thoreau said that we had no business worth the name, but only the Saint Vitus's dance. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that whole tracts of the mind—presumably the very tracts left fallow in college—never mature at all. There is a kind of infantilism, not in the fact, but in the degree to which cheap and trite crime stories are consumed by our supposed leaders that seems to indicate a brain tissue lacking differentiation. We have been accused so many times of a failure to grow up in our foreign relations that even those who never read are beginning to hear of the charge and to wonder what it means. There has certainly been a childish greed and grab in the complete failure of political leaders to trace any connection between a mounting tariff and a decreasing foreign trade, or a conceivable relationship between debts payable from abroad and a decline in purchasing power, which indicates that some brains have been egregiously unemployed in the processes of right reason. The New York *World*, in a series of excellent editorials, has been berating Congress for its failure to manifest even an interest in the fundamental economic and social questions raised by the collapse of the great American boom. Perhaps too many Congressional brains are busy—very busy—but still among the educationally unemployed. For ten years we have in the eyes of the world lacked leadership in any fundamental policy, either in world affairs or in internal development. We have "got by," as they do in college, thanks to a fat pocket book and good luck. Is it any wonder that with such mental unemployment among the elders, youthful minds are out of a job!

The Letter

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

THE night is measureless, no voice, no cry
Pierces the dark in which the planet swings—
It is the shadow of her bulk that flings
So deep a gloom on the enormous sky;
This timorous dust, this phantom that is I
Cowers in shelter, while the evening brings
A sense of mystery and how all things
Waver like water and are gliding by.

Now, while the stars in heaven like blowing sand
Drift to their darkness, while oblivion
Hushes the fire of some fading sun,
I turn the page again—and there they stand,
Traced by love's fleeting but victorious hand,
The words: "My darling, my beloved one."

This Week

"Andrée's Story."
Reviewed by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

"The New World Architecture."
Reviewed by HARVEY WILEY CORBETT.

"I Remember."
Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

"Portrait by Caroline."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Mosaic."
Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH.

Bringing Up Your Child.
Reviewed by RUTH W. WASHBURN.

John Mistletoe, XXI.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Moral Adequacy of Naturalism.
By GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The cynic may remark that the lazy child never hurries until he feels the sting of the shingle. It will take more than one tingle to make Uncle Sam jump, but the possibility seems by no means so remote as in 1928. Prohibition, corruption, overproduction, and the habit of getting and spending quickly are all on our backs and it is already evident that shrewdness and strenuosity are not enough to get us free from our burdens.

And yet the cynic has ill read his history book if he believes that nations educate themselves only when they are forced by stern necessity. The finest educations and the happiest have come through pride. The Greek seems to have sought education because he felt his mind and knew that it was Greek. The Italian did likewise. We shall never employ our college minds by threatening them with the dire results of competition. They know that the shrewd man with "contacts" can go far in the business of filling his own pockets. We must touch their pride. Have our college faculties self-confidence enough for that?

An Arctic Mystery*

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

INSTEAD of reviewing the thrilling and impressive book made up from the records recently found with the dead bodies of Andrée and his companions, we shall treat it here as a mystery story whose authors died before the final chapters were written. We submit a tentative draft of the missing chapters and offer a solution of the final problem.

A book knowledge of polar exploration forces upon you at once many parallels between the Andrée and Nansen expeditions. Nansen was the earlier by two years; his achievements were admired and his methods had been studied by Andrée.

In 1895, then, the Norwegian Nansen was exploring the Arctic by steamer. With one companion, Johansen, he left the *Fram* among drifting floes some 350 miles from land. In 1897 the Swede Andrée was exploring the Arctic by balloon. With two companions, Strindberg and Fraenkel, he left the *Eagle* among similar floes though less than 200 miles from shore. Both parties were carefully outfitted, for what they were doing was according to plan. Nansen first traveled north and then south towards land, so the distance he actually covered was about 700 miles; Andrée strove for land from the start so that his route was only about 200 miles. Because of the northward detour, Nansen had less provisions, less and poorer equipment when he at length attained that distance from land at which Andrée began his sledging. On the journey thence ashore Nansen had more difficulties than Andrée as you can see by comparing "Farthest" North with "Andrée's Story." The Swedes were throughout as confident of final success as the Norwegians had been. This we shall show by a narrative made up largely from quotations, for the optimism and the sound reasons behind it are crucial elements in the solution of the Andrée mystery.

* * *

"The landing (from the balloon)," says the compiler of the Andrée documents, "must have taken place successfully. . . . This is shown partly by the circumstance that . . . the members of the expedition carried with them quite uninjured on their wandering across the ice even the most sensitive instruments."

The men themselves are "filled with a sense of calm and security." They direct their steps toward Franz Josef Land without sign of worry. This is to be expected for, as said, Nansen had returned triumphant from this part of the Arctic only a year before, with the account of how he and Johansen had landed on the Franz Josef Islands and how they had built a house there, lived by hunting, and passed the winter without hardship, in perfect health.

The Andrée party have leads to cross but their canvas boat has been "tested in the sea with excellent results." They are in the mood to celebrate the birthday of Strindberg's fiancée and he wishes he could tell his Anna "of the excellent state of his health and let her know that she has nothing to fear for the well-being of himself and his comrades."

The march towards Franz Josef Land is not easy but that they do not find it too discouraging is shown

*ANDRÉE'S STORY. THE COMPLETE RECORD OF HIS POLAR FLIGHT, 1897. From the Diaries and Journals of S. A. ANDRÉE, NILS STRINDBERG, and K. FRAENKEL, found on White Island in the Summer of 1930 and edited by the Swedish Society for Anthropology and Geography. Translated from the Swedish by EDWARD ADAMS-RAY. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $5.

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by the puns they make as they go along, and by their celebrations of various private or public festal days.

At length they realize that the drift of the ice is towards Spitsbergen and they begin to march in that direction. The change of plan seems to promise even readier success than Nansen's for, after spending the winter as he did, it would be less problematical for them to find European settlements or ships.

Along the way they are encouraged by finding a greater abundance of game than Nansen had found two years before at the same latitude. They experiment with the various cuts of seal and bear and are of opinion that they are all good. They can vary their menu with birds at any time but prefer not to waste ammunition. They are rarely troubled with shortage and frequently have enough meat in reserve for weeks. Andrée is indeed led to write, "We have wandering butcher shops all around us," and, later, "The bear is the polar traveler's best friend."

They joke about the less pleasant incidents of their march and "their courage and vitality do not diminish, nor the good humor of the three comrades." They are greatly "plagued by the heat" in the tent and prefer to lie outdoors. They are warm when they draw the sledges and pull with no coats on. On September 1st they stop for rest and repairs. "We were in the best of humors."

On September 3d, broad leads of open water faced them, but at the end of a day of boat travel when they took to the sledges and the ice again, "We were satisfied . . . for things had gone well; the boat was excellent, and there was room for all our luggage."

On September 4th, they celebrate Strindberg's birthday and he celebrates by falling into the water. They are put out about this chiefly because they have bother drying him, but "the accident . . . did not lessen our festal mood. We were jolly and friendly as usual."

They continue successful with the hunting. In addition to bears, seals, and walrus, they have seen auks, fulmars, ivory gulls, Rose gulls, skua, and guillemots. They have hard work, they stumble on slippery ice, they suffer minor injuries and are tired, but they take it all as part of the game and bob up with fresh cheer after short periods of gloom. They are sick but recover; they worry a little now and then about possible hunger and they even go on short rations once or twice but they always get a polar bear in time and they are very fond of bear meat.

When they are caught in the ice, they decide cheerfully to winter on the pack and erect a house which is "both solid and neat." The floe breaks and their equipment is scattered. "Exciting situation," Strindberg writes. And Andrée's comment is: "With such comrades, one should be able to manage under, I may say, any circumstances." This is the last complete record in Andrée's handwriting.

They are ashore on White Island of the Spitsbergen group and they still have, as they had expected, more and better equipment than Nansen and Johansen had had under like circumstances—more food, and also, as said, an island nearer civilization for winter quarters.

* * *

But the tragedy must have come soon after the landing. The diary entries are few and there is no material help from them. We therefore turn to the evidence on White Island.

When Dr. Gunnar Horn's expedition discovered the Andrée remains on White Island, they found them remarkably preserved, although not so miraculously as the newspapers said in the first accounts. This preservation of diaries, shreds of flesh, the remains of food, and other normally perishable things was due to Andrée's European propensity for making a camp in shelter where the lee accumulates huge snowdrifts that become deep in the autumn and last far into the summer. A classic example is the depot left in 1853 by Kellett on Dealy Island for the possible survivors of the Franklin Expedition. On June 28, 1917, the top of the house containing it was just emerging from a last winter's snowdrift, although thousands of square miles of neighboring territory had been snow-free long before. As a result, we found woolen mittens almost as fresh as if they had been bought in a shop that day and food that was well preserved after sixty-four years. The Andrée remains were similarly although not so well preserved after thirty-three years.

Our purpose being a solution of the mystery, we pass rapidly over the White Island finds that are uniformly interpreted. Plenty of food showed that hunger was not the cause of death; there was plenty of fresh meat so scurvy was not the cause. There was driftwood so that Andrée could have built a house more easily than Nansen did in the same neighborhood two years before. Nansen had had to burn animal fat for fuel, as he had neither driftwood nor kerosene; Andrée possessed both, and grease besides. His blue flame stove for the petrol was found by Horn to be still in good working condition.

So far, it appears that the cheerful tone of the Andrée and Strindberg diaries was in a fair way of being justified. But death came instead, and with it mysteries that cloud our view. We see plainly, however, that Strindberg died before the other two for his body had been buried. It may have been simple illness in his case, for people die of normal causes in the arctic no less than in the tropic or temperate zones. It may have been a fall over a cliff in hunting or the accidental discharge of a gun. Just possibly it could have been the attack of a polar bear, for they abound in these parts, and are the most dangerous of bears, although not nearly so dangerous as the public supposes.

Everything goes to show that Andrée and Fraenkel died together, or at least that one of them died when the other was too weak to care for his body. Apart from some depredations by bears, everything about this double tragedy was therefore found in that condition which a police officer desires when he wants to solve by a study of clues the problem of a death that has no living witness.

When the two men died they were lightly clad. Committed to the traditional view that every death in the Arctic must be either from starvation or from cold, and deprived of the starvation theory by the abundance of every variety of food, the Horn and Stubbendorf discoverers ignored the three kinds of fuel (the fat of animals, the scattered driftwood, the kerosene in the blue flame stove); they misinterpreted the light clothing of Andrée and Fraenkel and said: "They died in their sleep! The cold finished them."

There was a sleeping bag on the tent floor but the inadequately clad men had not died in it. Yet they are said to have frozen to death in their sleep!

Apparently feeling it necessary to bolster up further the theory of death from cold, "Andrée's Story" criticizes Andrée for not having seen to it that his party was properly dressed. Sailors are quoted declaiming against the insufficiency and unsuitable nature of the clothing. "Another man on board the *Isbjörn* gave it as his opinion that 'the members of the expedition had been frozen to death. They did not have enough clothing and were badly equipped. They had nothing but rubbishy clothes and socks!' "

But you do not have to ignore evidence or criticize Andrée's equipment in order to find a logical theory, for there is a more friendly explanation which accounts for all observed facts and which is a commonplace to explorers. Andrée and Fraenkel died from carbon monoxide poisoning.

In many European countries the favorite method of suicide is with monoxide which is generated by charcoal braziers. When a chemist decides on suicide deliberately, rather than under a sudden stress, he commonly uses monoxide. A notable proportion of all deaths that are connected with automobiles is from monoxide poisoning in garages when motors are running.

Last summer in England when the Andrée story came out through the newspapers, one of the fifty or seventy-five veterans of polar exploration who live there now said that he had been talking with a good many of the members of other expeditions than his own and had concluded that there was no wintering expedition of the last thirty or forty years which had not had one or more narrow escapes from death by monoxide. Then there have been other expeditions that did not escape the loss of life.

The monoxide case that should be clearest in the minds of most people just now is from Admiral Byrd's fine account of his notable expedition. "Little America" is a best seller, but nevertheless we reprint two paragraphs (slightly abridged) from pages 203-4:

> Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the winter took place in the photographic laboratory. Davies . . . noticed, suddenly, that one of the pups . . . was lying unconscious on the floor. Davies, who was mystified, picked up the pup and brought him into the mess room. Just as he crossed the threshold, he fainted. . . .
>
> There was a cry for Dr. Coman . . . Davies was as limp as a rag, completely out. . . . Presently, however, Davies responded to Dr. Coman's ministrations, opened his eyes weakly and asked, "What happened?" We hustled him out into the open and walked him up and down. The cold air brought him to, all right, but in our anxiety to get him out we overlooked the fact that we had stripped off most of his clothes, and he very nearly froze to death before we got him back.

This happened in the Antarctic last year. A similar incident from the Arctic of twenty years ago is recorded on pp. 245-47 of a book which I wrote called "My Life with the Eskimo" (published 1913). Dr. R. M. Anderson, now chief of the Dominion Biological Survey at Ottawa, two Eskimos, and myself were camping in a deserted Eskimo snowhouse on Coronation Gulf. Anderson and Tanaumirk were sitting on a three-foot-high bed platform. Natkusiak was sitting lower, I higher. I was cooking with a blue flame kerosene stove and listening to a story which Tanaumirk was relating with much pantomime. Suddenly he threw himself backward and I thought the gesture part of the story, but when he lay still I said to Dr. Anderson, "See what is the matter with Tanaumirk." When he turned half around to look he fell unconscious face downward on top of the Eskimo. Fortunately I realized that our trouble was monoxide and with half a turn of the wrist I released the pressure on the stove and the flame went out. Then I told Natkusiak to break away a snow block which he had incautiously and really against orders placed so as to close the door. In breaking this block he partly collapsed but was able to crawl outdoors on hands and knees.

I first considered trying to drag out our two unconscious companions but had strength only for pulling Anderson off Tanaumirk and turning him on his back. Then I crawled out too, trusting that the fresh air would be coming in through the door fast enough to give them a chance of recovery. Outside Natkusiak and I were in some danger of freezing for the temperature was about 40 below and vitality is probably lowered even by a partial poisoning.

In about fifteen minutes Dr. Anderson came crawling out and Tanaumirk soon after. By that time I had strength to get back into the house for the sleeping bags. A little later we were within doors and cooking our food again, this time with plenty of ventilation arranged for. The last of us to recover from the monoxide felt well by the following evening.

As we discussed these events carefully afterwards, we could not think of any symptoms that gave hint of the poisoning except that one or two of us thought we had felt something like a pressure on our temples just before the collapse There was no odor, neither was there interference with the burning of any flame, for this trouble has nothing to do with carbon dioxide.

These two accounts are stories of narrow escape; but, as said, there have been men who did not escape.

In 1914, one of the ships of our third expedition was in the ice to the north of Herald and Wrangel Islands, commanded by the great Arctic navigator, Bob Bartlett. The ship was crushed by the ice and her complement of twenty-five persons had to make their away ashore. Bartlett landed seventeen on Wrangel, but a party of four, the first-mate Anderson, the second-mate Barker, and the sailors Brady and King, landed by mistake on Herald Island and were never heard from again until their remains were found there in 1924 by Captain Louis Lane, Sidney Snow, and D. M. LeBourdais.

* * *

The conditions of the find on Herald Island were approximately the same as those on White Island. The men had died in the tent, there was plenty of fuel and plenty of food that was still in good condition after ten years. The remains had been disturbed by bears but the men appeared to have died in bed. New in the Arctic, they had camped under the lee of a cliff and the snow had drifted down over their tent to make it additionally air-tight. They went to sleep with a blue flame kerosene stove burning and none of them ever woke up again.

We shall doubtless never learn how Strindberg died, but the above cases from a great many that could be cited give the full picture of the probably simultaneous deaths of Andrée and Fraenkel. Their tent was nearly air-tight for it was made of balloon silk and it had a floor that was sewed to it in one piece. The tent stood in a lee. In the first storm of the year, or at least the first one from the direction of the cliff, the air-tightness of the tent was increased by a blanketing of softly falling snow. One of the men was cooking when the other fainted. The cook then released the pressure so that the stove went out, just as I had done on Coronation Gulf. We know he did that because the stove was discovered half filled with kerosene. Then he fainted, too, before he was able to make a hole in the tent for ventilation.

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This solution, the only one so far proposed that fits and explains all the facts, also has three other advantages.

The first advantage is that it leaves Andrée without heavy responsibility in the immediate cause of the tragedy. Nansen had been the pioneer in using a blue flame kerosene stove and Andrée was only the second. He did not therefore have to guide him those warnings of experience which we later travelers have had and was less to blame than we have been for allowing himself and his comrade to become victims of an insidious poison. The second advantage of the monoxide explanation is that no death is known that is more completely painless or wholly devoid of warning, and therefore of foreboding. The third advantage is that, if we adopt this explanation, we do not have to criticize Andrée, as the Norwegian discoverers of his camp and the Swedish editors of his book have done, for dressing himself and his men inadequately and thus bringing about, as they have claimed, death from exposure. The reason why the bodies were found insufficiently clad for outdoors was that Andrée and Fraenkel died warm indoors. Similarly the reason why they were not found huddled in their common sleeping bag was that they were overcome by the monoxide as they sat cooking a meal in a warm camp. One of the accounts even says that an overturned dish was lying on the floor, with remains of food.

Our American Architecture

THE NEW WORLD ARCHITECTURE. By SHELDON CHENEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $10.

Reviewed by HARVEY WILEY CORBETT
Architect of Bush Terminal Building, etc., etc.

FOUR hundred pages of heavy paper, thirty per cent illustrations, something to say and exceedingly well said,—that is Mr. Cheney's book. I wish it were in a thin paper pocket edition so that several architects and a few clients I could name might carry it on subway and train rides and in this way read it. The long winter evenings of our forefathers when such philosophic writings were read and discussed have vanished into thin but electrically illuminated and radio-charged air. The active architect who can close his business day by midnight is lucky. Passing dull time away is a lost art, yet Sheldon Cheney has made a contribution to architectural progress which every busy man should read and read carefully.

Speaking as an architect, the book impressed me as very fine literature. In fact, architecture as a literary art has greater potentialities than as a visual art when handled by such an able writer. If the average observer cannot see the faults, failures, insincerities as well as the aspirations and successes of architects as expressed in their buildings (and apparently in busy America he can't or he won't), it is well to have the facts so clearly and concisely set forth.

The keynote of the book is given in the definition of architecture—"the fixation of man's thinking and the record of his activity." The author points out with definiteness how the Machine Age and Industrialism have come upon us so rapidly that architecture along with the other allied arts has failed to keep step with the new movement. In architecture man has not thought clearly or logically and the "fixation" of his ideas has therefore been correspondingly indefinite and misleading.

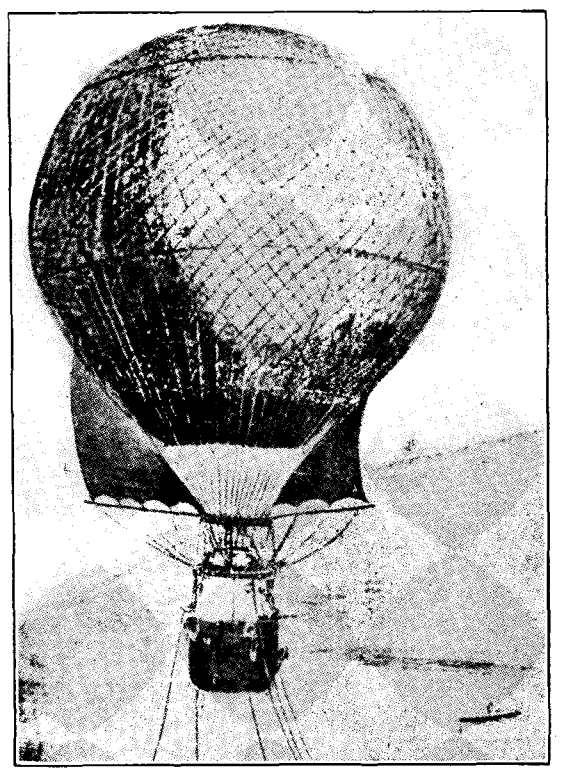
Cheney demonstrates the great need of relating engineering and architecture as an inseparable unit and very properly bemoans the division which has grown up in the last thirty years between these two essential factors in the building world. He points out the need of "form following function" and covers the matter of ornament in a pungent sentence: "Decorativeness is worse than profitless if it does not grow out of structure, if it is ornament idly added to the outside."

He stressed the theme that in this Machine Age a building is just another machine, planned, devised, and schemed to serve its purpose, constructed of materials that modern science and invention have placed in the architect's hands. It is his to create, under the new and varied conditions of life, with new and greater structural possibilities than were ever afforded in the past, an architecture finer than the glories of Rome or the perfect harmony of the Greek.

That I do not personally concur in all of the author's points of view is beside the mark. He presents his case as a lawyer might, bringing to light only those factors which bear on his side of the argument. In his enthusiasm for the pioneers he does not always point out the tricks and devices to which they have resorted in order to secure new and surprising effects, which tricks are exactly in the same category as those employed by the so-called eclectics he so heartily decries.

He overlooks the value to the whole architectural and building world of a driving force like Daniel Burnham, who not only made possible the Chicago Exposition of '93 but was the major factor in establishing the Plan of Chicago, which stands as a most important step in bringing order into the chaos of our American cities. Cheney feels that the Exposition of '93 was so backward a step in the field of the eclectics that it retarded for years intelligent architectural progress. He fails to note that it was a source of great inspiration in an unknown field of American development, an awakening of the public mind to the value of order, rhythm, beauty, and unity. It may have been a false beauty, and he so regards it, but even a false beauty is sometimes better than none. And for many years preceding the World's Fair there was little in American architecture of any creative value that was beautiful, whether true or false.

In his concluding chapter he endeavors to crystal-



THE *EAGLE* IN FLIGHT
Illustration from "Andrée's Story."

lize the fundamentals which he has illustrated and commented on in previous chapters. "Because the one thing I fear most now is a deluge of too easy, too shallow, too soft a modernism, superficially conceived and based on the narrower view." The following sentence is characteristic of many in the book: "The true artist works from the inner light towards crystallized form, creates from spiritual conception to material finality." Such ideas do not mean much to a man dealing with concrete problems, engineering complications, unsympathetic clients, "hard boiled" realtors, depressed business conditions, and a few other incidentals of the busy architect's daily life. However, the author does occasionally express something so definitely and concisely that it is worth quoting. "The quality of form in architecture is necessarily anchored in the building's use, grows with constant reference to materials and principles of construction, and flowers out of the architect's vision and emotion working over these basic elements. The style is properly the result of these things, not the conditioning factor."

The important thing, however, is to stir men's imaginations to the point of interest. Creative minds are always hampered by public apathy, a too great willingness on the part of the public to have their thinking done for them. But no one could read this book without being stirred and inspired by the thrilling problems which confront the builders of today and without looking with interest and new hope for the rapidly growing and constantly increasing signs of the new world architecture.

The book is fully illustrated with very well selected groups of examples and the author wisely suggests (knowing the present-day mind which gets its ideas as much from pictures as from the printed word) that the reader glance quickly through the illustrations before continuing with the text.

A Modern Odyssey

I REMEMBER. By OPIE READ. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930.

Reviewed by GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THIS admirably vigorous, picturesque, and picaresque narrative of the life of an American journalist sets the note of the Odyssey at the very start. For the prime note of the Odyssey, after all, is wonder, wonder at the casual oddities of life, wonder at the little happenings and the mad adventures, wonder as to where we came from and where we are going to, a mild, leisurely, indolent wonder, which accepts great and little with equal curiosity and equal serenity, yet plunges on into the wide succession of spiritual experiences, unsated, unbewildered, and unappalled. The inimitable, free, frank American touch, the touch of Abraham Lincoln and of Mark Twain, shows in the first chapter with the brief colloquy between the erring boy and his mother:

"Do you like Sunday school, my son?" "No, I'd rather go down to the town creek and watch the minnows." "What! Don't you know that you can't go to heaven unless you go to Sunday school?" "I don't want to go to heaven. Everybody says that Cal Branham went to hell, and I want to go where Cal is." At this my poor mother wept, and I stole off to grieve and to repent with my arms about the neck of a sympathetic dog. That night I told mother that if she wanted me to, I would go to heaven, whither brothers and sisters whom I had never seen had gone. My mother was inclined to shed tears but father turned about to secrete his smile, catching the boyish humor of it.

So the wandering personal Odyssey runs on, through the long, checkered career of journalism, the mad ventures, the thwarted hopes, the strange privations, the tragic and comic perils, and the never-failing humanness which gives the large key to it all: "The first stock that I took of myself was to discover that I was enamored of the study of character, no, not a study but a sort of enchantment." On the basis of this study, or enchantment, of character, the book becomes a perfect treasure house for one who is interested in American biography, though unfortunately its value in this regard is considerably impaired by the lack of an index. Figure after figure of note and importance in American life is etched before us, sometimes with an unforgettable touch, sometimes with more elaborate development, often no doubt with the journalist's license of embroidering imagination, but also with an instinctive, evident love of veracity which gives to the wildest flights their mark of human significance.

There is President Grant, balking the interviewers and laughingly letting himself be impersonated to a crowd of negro devotees till one of them fathoms the deception. There is President Cleveland, smiling with sympathetic tolerance at the antics of the Press Club: "My dear sir, I have been often told that I made a good sheriff, and the best of sheriffs, you know, may look back upon a time when they were rounders. Don't let my presence put restraint upon your festivities." Best of all, there is the Lincoln page, in which through George McCormack we seem to come very close to Lincoln's own words on some of the subjects on which we are most anxious to get his verdict. "Once I put to him the question: 'What is your conception of God?' 'The same as my conception of nature,' he answered. 'And what is that?' I persisted. 'That it is impossible for either to be personal.'" And on another occasion, to McCormack's remark that "man is humiliated only when he feels his weakness has been spied upon: he has no self shame," Lincoln objected, "I don't agree with you. A rat gnaws alone; and so does a moral weakness within us, even though we know that it is securely hidden. I have seen a dog, alone, become suddenly ashamed of himself and sneak off." "But the dog must have known that you saw him." "No, when I was hidden from his view. Now I don't know what the soul is, but whatever it is I know that it can humble itself." If that has not the stamp of Lincoln, I don't know what has, and the book that contains it is surely worth reading.

But it is worth reading for far more than the general biographical record. It is studded with racy, original American anecdotes, some of them of Rabelaisian richness, as the delicious story of the alcoholic test of strength to win a young bull, in which all the professed drinkers are worsted by the temperate evangelist, some of Mark Twain-like riotous humor, as the little adventure of the *Arkansaw Traveler*. This was a humorous sheet which the boys were struggling hard to put over. They were anxious to secure free transportation for it and to that end they appealed to the heads of various railroad

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companies. One of these, a stiff and solemn Englishman, wrote back, "I do not know the *Arkansaw Traveler*, where does it go?" The boys immediately responded,"The *Arkansaw Traveler* goes all over the country. We have had hard work to keep it from going to hell." They got their transportation. And again there is the story of the preacher who went into the house of prostitution to get material for a sermon and who also got it—with a vengeance.

This book should be read and enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated by those who have been stuffed with a lot of solemn pessimism about the decadence of America, our mechanized conventionalism, and reduction to a deadly standardized level of Rotaries and Womens Clubs and Main Streets and Babbitts and cheap pretension and artifice. There is enough of these things, the Lord knows, one meets them on every street corner. But at the same time the civilization out of which such a book as this could grow is not altogether dead or dying. There is still just the precious salt of wonder there, the wonder that makes Odysseys, and wonder makes life and growth and progress and development. It was just wonder, the secure self-possession of human intelligence in the presence of the vast casual uncertainty of things, that made the America of Franklin and Jefferson, that made the America of Lincoln and Mark Twain. Perhaps the same splendid creative force will go on working, wondering, and blundering, and thundering, when the little yelping critics have yelped their last yelp and been forgotten.

Portrait by Caroline

PORTRAIT BY CAROLINE. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

SYLVIA THOMPSON prunes the characters of her creation with the same eliminating ruthlessness that has made it possible for Lytton Strachey to focalize in outline portrait the dispersed significance of Queen Victoria, or Queen Elizabeth. It is never, in this selective manner, how much can be crowded in but rather, how much crowded out. These authors, secure in their detailed understanding of the lives they record, feel no apprentice need to tell "all." Some one has said that a series of splendid novels might be written from the material Henry James left out. So in "Portrait by Caroline" the stories that of necessity are implied by the story told will pique the interest of even those readers least inclined to read between the lines.

This effect of flanking drama, of rich material ignored for sharper effectiveness arises, of course, from the fact that the men and women of the novel are not created for their situations. It is the molding of the past, the threat of the future, that really create the sharp present which Sylvia Thompson presents. These people were born and they will die, however brief their appearance in these pages. They do not depend upon paper and print for their existence; they have yesterdays and tomorrows without the telling.

This "Portrait by Caroline" is also a Portrait of Caroline. While she paints Peter with her brushes she paints herself with her actions. Her complex self. For Caroline has little of the specious simplicity of Mathilde Eiker's "The Lady of Stainless Raiment" or the heroine of Anne Parrish's "All Kneeling." One can never quite believe that the characters in the latter novels could be so taken in by the obviousness of the ladies in question. The blindness of the male characters to the objects of their stultifying devotion seemed always an act of the author rather than an act of God. Caroline, on the other hand, is faceted. She is selfish, she is romantic, she is ridiculous, and yet she is the opposite of all these qualities too. You don't during most of the story, know at all what she may do next. She doesn't know herself what she may do next. That is her tragedy—the waste through diffusion and erraticness of a vital personality. She is so many things, but she is not *one* thing. Her *this* is always dependent upon some fortuitous *that*. One might write endlessly about Caroline because she is so prevalent today. Miss Thompson's heroine remains sharply herself because of Miss Thompson's art, but her like is abroad in the land, charming and regrettable, courageous the moment before, cowardly on the hour.

The "Portrait by Caroline" has the polished finish of other of Sylvia Thompson's work. Here characters move so easily, so beautifully, along their appointed ways that one wonders if it takes much power to move them. A jerk, a halt now and then, would mar, perhaps, their effortless consistency, but it would give the reader a pleasant roughness for foothold on the greased incline of the story. One resents, a little, being carried so completely along in the world of this novel; the world outside is too completely lost. Perhaps if the scientists ever did seal us into their windowless,vibrationless compartment for the flight at the speed of light during which we should be quite unconscious of motion, we would, instead of settling quietly down to work, secure an undisturbedness, fall into a disgruntlement at going so fast and going so far and knowing nothing of it. Sylvia Thompson seals us in a little too entirely. She does almost too well what she sets out to do. The reaching of any goal must always suggest that the goal was within reach.

For the light scene, social approach, and high individualization "Portrait by Caroline" will not soon be bettered, and if one hopes that the author will turn her power of character creation to less minor characters in the future, well, that is probably merely personal and certainly ungracious.

A Matriarch Again

MOSAIC. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

IN this new novel G. B. Stern traces further the history of the Rakonitz tribe (the Rakonitzes of "The Matriarch" and "A Deputy Was King"), and more particularly an allied branch of the abundant Jewish family, the Czelovars of Paris, London, and Vienna. The dominant in Miss Stern's gleaming new canvas is another matriarch. Berthe Czelovar is a magnificently drawn figure, but less triumphant by far than the puissant Anastasia of the earlier works; less triumphant not only because she is more truly human and frailer, but because the one jewel which would have made resplendent her crown and been the source of her strength was lacking—children of her own seed and blood.

When Berthe, a febrile young Parisian beauty, came to London with her husband Konrad, she immediately aroused the animosity of the collateral Rakonitzes, with her instant *succès fou* amid English society, and her Gallic smartness. Konrad's sister, Elsa, had been deeply disappointed by failure to carry through a marriage she had planned for him—with a very safe young lady, Amalia Fingelsbuhler, who had clumsy feet and a giddy way. Konrad had a rake's eye for feminine beauty; he saw Amalia, and then he saw the young girl, Berthe, running in breathlessly from the water at Ostende, with her lovely black hair low to the waist, and she all glistening; sister Elsa never forgave Berthe. Then there was the resentful Anastasia, snapping a more or less benevolent whip over the Rakonitz clan and jealous of her power, who felt now a challenge in this flamboyant Parisienne. A subtle feud follows, then an open quarrel, and Berthe and Konrad return to Paris.

"Berthe was impatient for children; furious with somebody—with God, with Konrad, with herself. . . . It was impossible of course, that she, so bursting with life, she, Berthe, could ultimately fail to produce life, again and again, and so often as she desired." But somehow new life does not issue from Berthe; and this sounds the tragic note in "Mosaic." It is a moving spectacle—a vital woman desperate for motherhood, seeking to ease the thwart by managing the lives of the sons and daughters of other women. Berthe is indomitable to the end. She is never defeated, because she never sees herself in the true pitifulness of her estate. An aging woman, childless, a widow; with the objects of her devotion one by one fleeing from out of the huge shadow of her convulsive love, she went on dreaming, "gorging herself on the sons of other women, and was tenderly happy."

Miss Stern's is partially the craft of the painter. She has a canny eye for the multi-faceted life she surveys; she gets down the color and the precise line, mass and the nicest movements, and the result is an intricate, wonderfully proportioned design of splendor. Then she is a social historian of no mean significance. The very temper of London's time among the cosmopolites of the later nineteenth century, and that of the Continental capitals, is in these pages, and never in terms of mere chronicling, always in those of character and narrative flow. There is an irony as deft as the humor is delicious, and a deep feeling for life's poignancies showing through beneath the brilliant surface.

Child Training

BRINGING UP YOUR CHILD. By EDWINA A. COWAN and AVIS D. CARLSON. New York: Duffield & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by RUTH W. WASHBURN
Yale Psycho-Clinic

WITH changing fashions, the bustles and leg-of-mutton sleeves of the late nineteenth century yield to the slim profiles of 1930. Both modes serve essentially the same necessities,—protection, individualization, attraction of others.

If one rips off the furbelows and trimmings which fashion demanded of the language of 1870 in reading "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young," by Jacob Abbott, one finds this book serving very adequately the same necessities as the later book regarding child training with which this review is concerned. There is a very interesting correspondence in the point of view of the writers. Both attempt to teach the less thoughtful mothers of their day the methods best calculated to make social beings of their children, with the least possible expenditure of emotion. The one talks about the association of ideas, the other about conditioning and reconditioning: the earlier writer depends upon the accumulated knowledge of the religious and philosophical students of the centuries, the later writers have the prestige of modern scientific study of psychological laws to lend weight to their remarks.

There are, of course, marked differences in the two books. Cowan and Carlson are interested in much younger children and in physiological details which Jacob Abbott would have blushed to mention. But in what essentials do the two following quotations differ? Jacob Abbott says:

> Punishments may be very light and gentle in their character provided they are certain to follow the offense. It is in their *certainty*, and not in their *severity*, that the efficiency of them lies. Very few children are ever severely burnt by putting their fingers into the flames of a candle. They are effectually taught not to put them in by very slight burnings on account of the *absolute invariableness* of the result produced by the contact.

Here is the illustration used by Cowan and Carlson to cover the same point. A mother had already conditioned her baby to the stimulus "no" and wished to teach her to stay in a yard without a fence:

> On the first day she put the little toddler into the yard she took her to the sidewalk and, pointing to it, said, "This is no." Then she led the baby along the edge of the yard pointing to the sidewalk again and again repeating the "no" stimulus each time. When she had covered thus the entire length of the sidewalk, she left the baby to her own devices, but remained near and watched closely. Each time the baby approached the sidewalk the mother called out the "no" stimulus, and the baby turned back. . . . Within a few days the baby was completely conditioned to the sidewalk.

Many of the fundamental principles of child training were, then, given expression years or even centuries ago. Their mechanisms have recently been elucidated by the work of physiological psychologists. With this elucidation at their command, Cowan and Carlson have reclothed these fundamental principles in modern terminology. This they have accomplished more or less successfully, though their statement of formulas is not always comprehensible. The book should be of interest to psychologists and those professionally interested in child training. It is an open question whether the needs of the average mother, who has not the psychological jargon at her command, would not be equally well served by the earlier book, garbed through it is in homely old-fashioned phraseology.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, XXI.

THE *Laconia*, sailing from Liverpool to Boston in August 1913, had a level voyage of warm and brilliant blue. How much of it his cabin-mate John Crowe Ransom remembers I cannot surmise, but Mistletoe recalls that they sat one sunny afternoon by the taffrail reading poetry aloud. Proper to unassuming Second Class passengers, it was second-rate poetry; it happened to be one of Francis Thompson's less important things:—

> The lover whose soul shaken is
> In some decuman billow of bliss,
> His abashed pulses beating thick
> At the exigent joy and quick,
> Is dumbed, by aiming utterance great
> Up to the miracle of his fate.
>
> The wise girl, such Icarian fall
> Saved by her confidence that she's small,
> Feeling the infinite must be
> Best said by triviality,
> Speaks, where expression bates its wings,
> Just happy, alien, little things—
> And, while she feels the heavens lie bare,
> She only talks about her hair.

There was a moment of pleased young silence; then one of the group, whom he remembers now only as a wise girl from Swarthmore, asked—not unreasonably— "What is a decuman?" Thus originated the nickname Decuman for the deck steward.

Their inside stateroom was hot and crowded; they shared it with a retired blacksmith and a saloonkeeper. The smith, a good old fellow quite worth all Longfellow's homages, had to have his collar buttoned for him every morning. "If it was a wheelbarrow or a sledge," he said, "I could get a holt on it, but these damned little things—." I sympathize with the old man as I look back and try with heavy fingers to fasten together a few intricate memories. Is that what Gertrude Stein meant by Tender Buttons?

The crickets, and all that extraordinary insect obbligato of summer nights, welcomed him back. Coming home after three years abroad, he *felt* America for the first time Previously I suppose he had taken her for granted, as natives do. August, he has divined since, is a month of special revelation, when the blaze of being comes dangerously near burning through. It is to the year what three o'clock in the afternoon is to the day; what the 1890's were to a great literary generation. The pellucid day of his return he arrived, about sunset, on an island in Narragansett Bay delightfully named Prudence. He smelt those juniper airs of New England seashore, heard again that amazing outcry, the soft yet savage rhythm of our summer evenings. "The crickets shouted, rattled tiny feet of approval like a gallery of young Shelleys." Then first, and by deep immediate choice, he was really an American. One evening of those wide grassy spaces, those August meteors, that shrill demon music, blotted out Oxford bells and all Europe's enchanted sweetness. This was not Francis Thompson, it was Walt Whitman. The strange jocular and terrifying energy of America was evident. Preposterous and damned, no doubt, but he is willing to be damned with it. It offers the tensions of delirium and disgust on which art can build, and the greatest imaginable wealth for literature. It is like rye whiskey, the symbolic national elixir, which for some moods is a nobler drink than any genteel wine; a beverage of godlike violence, a microcosm of American climate. The life of cities also should be savored in small doses, with frequent green escapes.

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Any thoughtful man who earns his living round New York has observed in his own régime or that of his friends clear cross-sections of paradox that would give Plato an epilepsy. To live in America in those years, being moderately susceptible to mirth and dismay, and just not to have been run down, deafened, crazed, poisoned, or embittered, requires the agility of a chipmunk. Yet the morning returns, the old Oyster Bay locomotive rounds the curve under Harbor Hill jetting clouds of silver steam, the lunatic spire of Chrysler catches the sun, and who would have things different? It is not the dreamer's job to heckle society for its cruel and spectacular follies, nor suggest remedies for civilized misery. His task, as Anatole France remarked, is to admire life; even love it if possible. "On ne fait une oeuvre d'art qu'avec ses nerfs." In a certain kind of absurdly inconsistent heart why may not irony always cohabit with love, and the two be ambivalent? I seem to have heard a proletarian phrase that expresses, with the wisdom of all popular gnomes, something inherent in the American temper. It might well be written on our coinage instead of the disregarded mottoes still minted there. "It's a great life if you don't weaken." The salt in the aphorism is of course that we *do* weaken.

I am sorry if anyone imagines these groping astigmatisms to be an essay in Biography. Contemplating the comedy of my poor friend's existence, in so far as he allows, I find savory inflexions of the verbs of surprise. These are only a few paradigms from my Grammar of Astonishment. A biographer may be clever or witty; a novelist may lie like a trouper, or even sometimes dare to attempt the beautiful; but here I only try to sketch a few pictures of a youth who is not even dead, though he is ill of a fatal disease. If only it could be written in some other language. A book that deals with personal intuitions should always come from far away, like that exquisite *Journal of My Other Self* (by Rainer Maria Rilke) which reaches us by two saving removes: it is translated from the German, and the author is dead.

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There was an abandoned coach-house to which he retired for silence, to think over his plans of campaign. Boards laid across two packing cases served as table, on which he began an intensive study of the New York *Times Book Review*. He had made up his mind to try to get a job in the publishing business; in fact, before leaving England he had even gone and bothered Mr. Walter Page at the U. S. Embassy. Mr. Page, as sagacious in diplomacy as in publishing, had referred him to the office in Garden City. Now there lay before him a statesmanlike letter from that firm (well he remembers the phrase): "Our ranks are full and we contemplate no change." Evidently this was going to be a problem that required assiduity. He studied the *Times Book Review* carefully to see where was the vulnerable heel in the hide of the book business.

The first thing that scandalized him was the high price of books in America. Oxford bookshops had taught him that in England most of the books really worth reading could be had in compact reprint editions for one or two shillings. American books were bulky and costly in comparison. He observed that English publishers had somehow learned, better than the Americans, how to use their older stuff as a backlog for the fire. Perhaps that impression is still true. But most of his juvenile premonitions of the Trade were gloriously naive; necessarily so, based upon sentimental rangings in Blackwell's and Gadney's at Oxford, or on Charing Cross Road. He actually supposed that a publishing office would be a place buzzing with bookish passion, with jovial reminiscence of William Dean Howells or Walter Pater. Fortunately he was soon enlightened. The genial lowbrowism of a big publishing plant is part of its strength. Only a fool will attempt to lay down dicta on a business which, over and above being a traffic is also an instinct and a fine art. But probably it is right that literature should have to fight for its life in the office as it must in the world outside. It is dangerous to make things too easy for the artist. You destroy him if you do.

When he did presently get employment he was immediately captivated by the jargon and brouhaha of the Sales Department, the life of "The Boys" on the road, the whole interlocking comedy of that mechanism by which men's printed thoughts are made available. It was vulgar and vivid and had no taint of Literature; it was endlessly amusing. It deals with human hopes and horrors in necessary terms of merchandise; there can hardly be any other trade so gay with anomaly.

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But I anticipate. I am thinking of him now as he walked down Madison Avenue to the old boarding house at the corner of 32nd. The first thing he saw in New York (when he came not just to visit but to be a part of her) was the starry ceiling of the Grand Central. And next, Diana, silhouetted in the sky. Ah my Diana—who that knew it will ever forget that tiny figure poised against blue Now. Was she not, though we couldn't have put it into words, secretly an emblem of something that satisfied our hopeful and innocent youth? For we were magnificently young. When a man leaves college and becomes raw apprentice in the world of pay envelopes, how much younger he immediately is.

I hope that youngsters still come to town to look for jobs in the publishing business as naively happy as those boys on the top floor of 149 Madison Avenue. Do you think I would, for any conceivable human blessing, barter away that short sweet taste of pre-War mœurs? We were not clever, not angry about anything, we believed a great deal of what we were told; and really, the world did seem to rest on fairly solid routine. Lizzie Briers, best of landladies, now I evoke your substantial phantom. Do you remember how Jack and J. M. shared the fourth-floor back, and you only charged them $7.50 a week each for everything—meals included. And Fred had the Suicide Room as we used to call it; I don't remember why, except that it was unbelievably dark and cheerless, with a ladder leading to a trap in the roof. It reminded us of a certain grim story by O. Henry. Fred, a young man of more social amplitude than ourselves, was rarely there except for sleep; his room was always a litter of dress shirts and invitation cards. Do you remember the two nice girls who shared the big front chamber and worked at an Institute for the Scientific Care of the Hair, and how the Fourth Floor all sat together at the corner table in the dining room, and rather scandalized the Old New Yorkers (Lizzie still had some good Frank Stockton and Bunner types of patron) by their merry palaver.

Under the silhouette of Diana the memory of O. Henry made Madison Square a very thrilling place. He would understand the sincerity, the simplicity, of a boy's first capitulation to the sovereign glamor of Manhattan. In Mistletoe's private thought, certain associations with Sydney Porter moved in those miraculous first days. The man who had encouraged him to think it might be possible to get a job in publishing was Harry Steger, O. Henry's literary executor. Mistletoe had called on Steger at the Caledonia on 26th Street during a brief shining visit to New York the winter before. Poor Steger was actually a dying man when J. M. saw him, in the same apartment which O. Henry had also left to die in hospital. . . .

> "The rooms were dark in the winter afternoon; Steger was in bed in an inner chamber and called to me to come in. I felt my way, and gradually saw that he was lying with a towel tied round his head like a turban. Supposing he was ill, I asked if there was anything I could do; he rejected the suggestion vigorously and insisted it was only a bad headache. He asked me to telephone the office for a tray of tea and some ice. We sat in the dark, so I never clearly saw him.
>
> "We had mutual friends to speak of (he was a former Rhodes Scholar) and he talked pungently about the publishing business, which, he said, 'you'll find quite different from what you imagine.' He described his own work, and I remember his saying, after a long catalogue of his occupations, 'also I edit a magazine with my left hind foot.' But he was so restless, throwing the bedclothes about and putting ice on his head, that I grew anxious and again begged to be useful in some way. He was quite vehement in denial. Remember that I was only a bashful youth, anxious not to offend him and prepared to believe that literary people were eccentric. I concluded that he had had a bohemian evening the night before and needed rest. I was afraid to offer any further sympathy, but as I left I saw a fruit vendor on the street and had some oranges sent up. I sailed the next day to return to Oxford, and did not know of his death until weeks afterward. I believe he was taken to the hospital that same night. I only knew of it by hearsay, but the memory that remains is that he had had a fall from a street-car, and unknown to himself was suffering from concussion or even a fractured skull. He was a brilliant fellow and had made a notable reputation for so young a man."

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When, after some ineffectual efforts by the publishers to discourage young Mistletoe's attentions, he finally landed out at Garden City, he was given a desk that had once been used by Steger. In it he found a quantity of forgotten O. Henry manuscript, written on the familiar yellow sheets. I sometimes wish he had bagged just one of them for himself. The pathetic derelicts of the Bagdad-on-the Subway stories still spent uneasy nights under the portico of Madison Square Garden, and it was partly in O. Henry's memory that these young Grub Street Runners, when they had a few coins to spare on a cold night, would kidnap a vagabond and take him to Childs' on 23rd Street for coffee and a stack of wheats. One such I remember, a sensitive old fellow with a face of tarnished refinement who insisted that he was a kinsman of "Rooterford B. Hayes."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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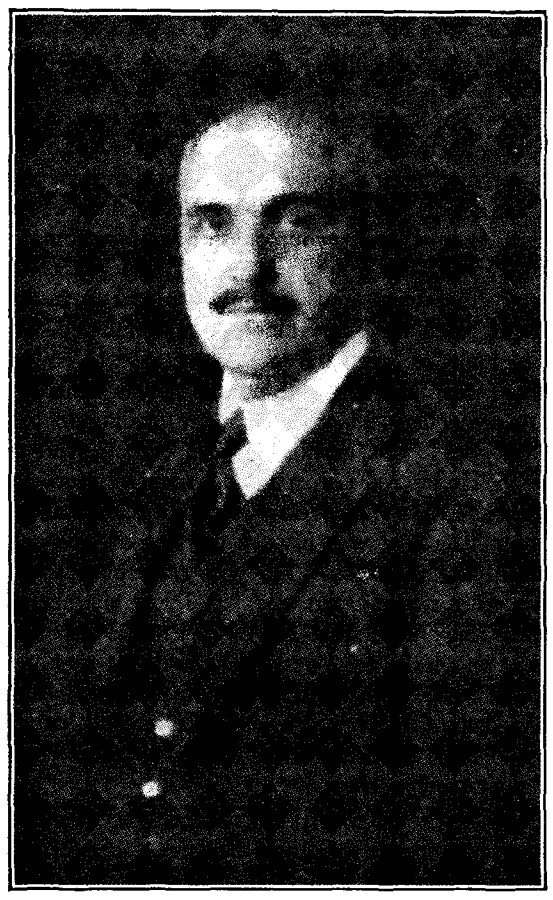
Genteel Tradition at Bay. I.



GEORGE SANTAYANA

TWENTY years ago the genteel tradition in America seemed ready to melt gracefully into the active mind of the country. There were few misgivings about the perfect health and the all-embracing genius of the nation: only go full speed ahead and everything worth doing would ultimately get done. The churches and universities might have some pre-American stock in trade, but there was nothing stubborn or recalcitrant about them; they were happy to bask in the golden sunshine of plutocracy; and there was a feeling abroad—which I think reasonable—that wherever the organization of a living thing is materially perfected, there an appropriate moral and intellectual life will arise spontaneously. But the gestation of a native culture is necessarily long and the new birth may seem ugly to an eye accustomed to some other form of excellence.

Will the new life ever be as beautiful as the old? Certain too tender or too learned minds may refuse to credit it. Old Harvard men will remember the sweet sadness of Professor Norton. He would tell his classes, shaking his head with a slight sigh, that the Greeks did not play football. In America there had been no French cathedrals, no Venetian school of painting, no Shakespeare and even no gentlemen, but only gentlemanly citizens. The classes laughed, because that recital of home truths seemed to miss the humor of them. It was jolly to have changed all that; and the heartiness of the contrary current of life in everybody rendered those murmurs useless and a little ridiculous. In them the genteel tradition seemed to be breathing its last. Now, however, the worm has turned. We see it raising its head more admonishingly than ever, darting murderous glances at its enemies, and protesting that it is not genteel or antiquated at all, but orthodox and immortal. Its principles, it declares, are classical, and its true name is Humanism.

The humanists of the Renaissance were lovers of Greek and of good Latin, scornful of all that was crabbed, technical, or fanatical: they were pleasantly learned men, free from any kind of austerity, who without quarrelling with Christian dogma, treated it humanly, and partly by tolerance and partly by ridicule, hoped to neutralize all its metaphysical and moral rigor. Even when orthodoxy was reaffirmed in the seventeenth century and established all our genteel traditions, some humanistic leaven was mixed in; among Protestants there remained a learned unrest and the rationalistic criticism of tradition; among Catholics a classical eloquence draping everything in large and seemly folds, so that nothing trivial, barbaric, or ugly should offend the cultivated eye. But apart from such influences cast upon orthodoxy, the humanists continued their own labors. Their sympathy with mankind was not really universal, since it stopped short at enthusiasm, at sacrifice, at all high passion or belief; but they loved the more physical and comic aspects of life everywhere and all curious knowledge, especially when it could be turned against prevalent prejudices or abuses. They believed in the sufficient natural goodness of mankind, a goodness humanized by frank sensuality and a wink at all amiable vices; their truly ardent morality was all negative, and flashed out in their hatred of cruelty and oppression and in their scorn of imposture. This is still the temper of revolutionaries everywhere, and of philosophers of the extreme Left. These, I should say, are more truly heirs to the humanists than the merely academic people who still read, or pretend to read, the classics, and who would like to go on thrashing little boys into writing Latin verses.

Greek and Roman studies were called the humanities because they abstracted from Christian divinity; and it was for this paganizing or humanizing value that they were loved; much as Platonism is espoused by some theologians, because it enables them to preserve a metaphysical moralism independent of that historic religious faith of which they are secretly ashamed. The humanist would not deserve his name if he were not in sympathy with the suppressed sides of human nature (sometimes, as today perhaps, the highest sides of it); and he must change his aversions as the ruling convention changes its idols. Thus hatred of exact logic, of asceticism, and of Gothic earnestness, with praise of the misjudged pleasures of a young body and a free mind, could supply the humanist with a sufficient inspiration so long as Christian orthodoxy remained dominant; but when the strongholds of superstition and morose tyranny (as he called them) were in ruins, and tenanted only by a few owls or a bevy of cooing pigeons, his angry occupation was gone. The great courts and the great court preachers were humanistic enough. Nothing therefore remained for him but to turn wit, or savant, or polite poet, and to spread his philanthropic sympathies thinner and thinner over all human things. Eastern civilizations claimed a place in his affections side by side with the ancients; he must make room even for savage arts and savage virtues—they were so human—nor could he exclude for ever that wonderful medieval art and philosophy which, in the flush of the Renaissance, he had derided and deposed. Thus humanism ended at last in a pensive agnosticism and a charmed culture, as in the person of Matthew Arnold.

It is against this natural consequence of the old humanism that the new American humanists, in a great measure, seem to be protesting. They feel the lameness of that conclusion; and indeed a universal culture always tolerant, always fluid, smiling on everything exotic and on everything new, sins against the principle of life itself. We exist by distinction, by integration round a specific nucleus according to a particular pattern. Life demands a great insensibility, as well as a great sensibility. If the humanist could really live up to his ancient maxim, *humani nil a me alienum puto*, he would sink into moral anarchy and artistic impotence—the very things from which our liberal, romantic world is so greatly suffering. The three R's of modern history, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution, have left the public mind without any vestige of discipline. The old humanism itself is impotent and scattered; no man of the world any longer remembers his Latin.

Indeed, those three R's were inwardly at war with one another. The Renaissance, if it had had full swing, would never have become, even locally or by mistake, either Protestant or revolutionary: what can a pure poet or humanist have in common with religious faction, or with a sentimental faith in liberty and democracy? Such a free mind might really have understood the ancients, and might have passed grandly with them into a complete naturalism, universal and impartial on its intellectual side (since the intellect is by right all-seeing) but in politics and morals fiercely determinate, with an animal and patriotic intensity of will, like Carthage and Sparta, and like the Soviets and the Fascists of today. Such political naturalism was clearly conceived by Bacon and Machiavelli, and by many princes and nobles who took the Protestant side, not in the least for religious reasons, but because they were supermen wishing to be free from all trammels, with a clergy to serve them, and all wealth and initiative in their own hands. Those princes and nobles had their day, but the same motives work to this hour in the nations or classes that have taken their place.

I think that in each of the three R's we may distinguish an efficacious hidden current of change in the unconscious world from the veneer of words and sentiments that may have served to justify that change, or to mask it in the popular mind, and often in the mind of the leaders. The Renaissance really tended to emancipate the passions and to exploit nature for fanciful and for practical human uses; it simply continued all that was vivacious and ornate in the Middle Ages. It called those ages barbarous, partly for writing dog Latin and partly for being hard, penitential, warlike, and migratory; one might almost say, for being religious. The mind of the Renaissance was not a pilgrim mind, but a sedentary city mind, like that of the ancients; in this respect and in its general positivism, the Renaissance was truly a revival of antiquity. If merchants and princelings traveled or fought, it was in order to enrich themselves at home, and not because of an inward unrest or an unreturning mission, such as life itself is for a pure soul. If here or there some explorer by vocation or some great philosopher had still existed (and I know of none) he would have been a continuator of the crusaders or the scholastics. A genius typical of the Renaissance, such as Leonardo or Shakespeare, could not be of that consecrated kind. In his omnivorous intelligence and zest, in his multiform contacts and observations, in so many lights kindled inconclusively, such a genius, except for the intensity of his apprehension, would not have been a master or a poet at all. He would have been, like Bacon and Machiavelli, a prophet of Big Business. There might still be passion and richness in the accents, but the tidings were mean. The Renaissance, for all its poetry, scholarship, and splendor, was a great surrender of the spirit to the flesh, of the essence for the miscellany of human power.

The Reformation in like manner had a mental façade which completely hid the forces that really moved it, and the direction in which its permament achievements would lie. It gave out that it was a religious reform and revival, and it easily enlisted all the shocked consciences, restless intellects, and fanatical hearts of the day in its cause; but in its very sincerity it substituted religious experience for religious tradition, and that, if the goal had been really religious, would have been suicide; for in religious experience, taken as its own criterion, there is nothing to distinguish religion from moral sentiment or from sheer madness. Kant and other German philosophers have actually reduced religion to false postulates or dramatic metaphors necessary to the heroic practice of morality. But why practice folly heroically and call it duty? Because conscience bids. And why does conscience bid that? *Because society and empire require it.*

Meantime, in popular quarters, we see religion, or the last shreds of it, identified with occult science or sympathetic medicine. The fact is, I think, that the Reformation from the beginning lived on impatience of religion and appealed to lay interests: to the love of independence, national and personal; to free thought; to local pride; to the lure of plunder and enterprise; to the sanctity of thrift. Many a writer (Macaulay, for instance) demonstrates the superiority of Protestantism by pointing to its social fruits; better roads, neater villages, less begging and cheating, more schools, more commerce, greater scientific advance and philosophic originality. Admirable things, except perhaps the last: and we learn that religion is to be regarded as an instrument for producing a liberal well-being. But when this is secured, and we have creature comforts, a respectable exterior, and complete intellectual liberty, what in turn are the spiritual fruits? None: for the spirit, in this system, is only an instrument, and its function is fulfilled if those earthly advantages are realized. It was so, at bottom, with the ancient Jews: and the intensity of religious emotions in the prophet or the revivalist must not blind us to the tragic materialism at his heart. I think we might say of Protestantism something like what Goethe said of Hamlet. Nature had carelessly dropped an acorn into the ancient vase of religion, and the young oak, growing within, shattered the precious vessel.

In the Revolution (which is not yet finished) the same doubleness is perhaps less patent: liberty, fraternity, and equality have been actually achieved in

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By George Santayana

some measure, even if they lack that Arcadian purity and nobleness which the revolutionary prophets expected. Their cry had been for limpid virtue, antique heroism, and the radical destruction of unreason: the event has brought industrialism, populousness, comfort, and the dominance of the average man, if not of the average woman.

The whole matter is complicated by the presence of yet another R, Romance, which lies in an entirely different category from the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Revolution. Romance is not, like these, inspired by any modern sense of outrage or by any moral or political theory. It is neither hortatory nor contemptuous; not a rebellion against anything. I don't know whether its springs should be called Celtic or Norse or simply primitive and human, or whether any subtle currents from Alexandria or Arabia, or from beyond, swelled the flood in the dark ages. Suffice it that Romance is something very old, and supplies that large element which is neither classical nor Christian in medieval and modern feeling. It lies deeper, I think, in most of us than any conventional belief or allegiance. It involves a certain sense of homelessness in a chaotic world, and at the same time a sense of meaning and beauty there. To romance we owe the spirit of adventure; the code of honor, both masculine and feminine; chivalry and heraldry; feudal loyalty; hereditary nobility; courtesy, politeness, and pity; the love of nature; rhyme and perhaps lyric melody; imaginative love and fidelity; sentimentality; humor. Romance was a great luminous mist blowing from the country into the ancient town; in the wide land of Romance everything was vaguely placed and man migratory; the knight, the troubadour, or the palmer carried all his permanent possessions on his back, or in his bosom. So did the wandering student and the court fool. There was much play with the picturesque and the mirabolous; perhaps the cockiness of changing fashions has the same source. Fancy has freer play when men are not deeply respectful to custom or reason, but feel the magic of strangeness and distance, and the profound absurdity of things.

Even the intellect in the romantic world became subject to moods: attention was arrested at the subjective. "Experience"—the story-teller's substance—began to seem more interesting and sure than the causes of experience or the objects of knowledge. The pensive mind learned to trace the Gothic intricacies of music and mathematics, and to sympathize too much with madness any longer to laugh at it. The abnormal might be heroic: and there could be nothing more sure and real than the intense and the immediate. In this direction, Romance developed into British and German philosophy, in which some psychological phantasm, sensuous or logical, interposes itself in front of the physical world, covers and absorbs it. Mixed with revolutionary passions Romance also produced the philosophy of Rousseau; and mixed with learning and archæology, the classical revival of Goethe and his time; finally, by a sort of reduplication or reversion of romantic interest upon Romance itself, there followed the literary and architectural romanticism of the nineteenth century.

Romance is evidently a potent ingredient in the ethos of the modern world; and I confess that I can hardly imagine in the near future any poetry, morality, or religion not deeply romantic. Something wistful, a consciousness of imperfection, the thought of all the other beauties destroyed or renounced in achieving anything, seems inseparable from breadth in sympathy and knowledge; and such breadth is the essence of modern enlightenment. But is not this intelligent humility itself a good? Is it not a prerequisite to a sane happiness? The accident of birth, with all its consequences, offers us the first and palmary occasion for renunciation, measure, and reason. Why not frankly rejoice in the benefits, so new and extraordinary, which our state of society affords? We may not possess those admirable things which Professor Norton pined for, but at least (besides football) haven't we Einstein and Freud, Proust and Paul Valéry, Lenin and Mussolini? For my part, though a lover of antiquity, I should certainly congratulate myself on living among the moderns, if the moderns were only modern enough, and dared to face nature with an unprejudiced mind and a clear purpose. Never before was the mental landscape so vast. What if the prospect, when the spirit explores it, seems rather a quagmire, as it were the Marshes of Glynn, rich only in weak reeds and rank grasses? Has not the spirit always loved the wilderness? Does not the wide morass open out here and there into a quiet pool, with water-lilies, and is not the sky, with all its wonders, often reflected there? Do not the screeching wild fowl cleave this air with avidity? I think that the simple lover of the beautiful may well be content to take his turn and have his day almost anywhere in the pageant of human history. Wherever he might be born, or wherever banished, he could never be separated from his inner mind or from a fundamental kinship with his fellow creatures. Even if his feet were without foothold in the dreary bog, his spirit need not be starved or impatient. Amid weeds and rushes, if he would only watch them, and breathing deep the very freedom of emptiness, he might forget the oaks and roses of terra firma, even for five hundred or a thousand years.

So far, then, the gist of modern history would seem to be this: a many-sided insurrection of the unregenerate natural man, with all his physical powers and affinities, against the regimen of Christendom He has convinced himself that his physical life is not as his ghostly mentors asserted, a life of sin; and why should it be a life of misery? Society has gradually become a rather glorious, if troubled, organization of matter, and of man for material achievements. Even our greatest troubles, such as the late war, seem only to accelerate the scientific bridling of matter; troubles do not cease, but surgery and aviation make remarkable progress. Big Business itself is not without its grave worries: wasted production, turbulent labor, rival bosses, and an inherited form of government, by organized parties and elections, which was based on revolutionary maxims, and has become irrelevant to the true work of the modern world if not disastrous for it. Spiritual distress, too, cannot be banished by spiritual anarchy; in obscure privacy and in the sordid tragedies of doubt and of love, it is perhaps more desperate than ever. We live in an age of suicides. Yet this spiritual distress may be disregarded, like bad dreams, so long as it remains isolated and does not organize any industrial revolt or any fresh total discouragement and mystic withdrawal, such as ushered in the triumph of Christianity. For the present, Big Business continues to generate the sort of intelligence and loyalty which it requires; it favors the most startling triumphs of mind in abstract science and mechanical art, without any philosophic commitments regarding their ultimate truth or value.

Indeed, mechanical art and abstract science are other forms of Big Business, and congruous parts of it. They, too, are instinctive undertakings, in which ambition, coöperation, and rivalry keep the snowball rolling, and getting bigger and bigger. Some day attention will be attracted elsewhere, and the whole vain thing will melt away unheeded. But while the game lasts and absorbs all a man's faculties, its rules become the guides of his life. In the long run, obedience to them is incompatible with anarchy, even in the single mind. Either the private anarchy will ruin public order, or the public order will cure private anarchy.

The latter, on the whole, has happened in the United States, and may be expected to become more and more characteristic of the nation. There, according to one of the new humanists, "the accepted vision of a good life is to make a lot of money by fair means: to spend it generously; to be friendly; to move fast; to die with one's boots on." This sturdy ideal has come to prevail naturally, despite the preachers and professors of sundry finer moralities; it includes virtue and it includes happiness, at least in the ancient and virile sense of these words. We are invited to share an industrious, cordial, sporting existence, self-imposed and self-rewarding. There is plenty of room, in the margin and in the pauses of such a life, for the intellectual tastes which anyone may choose to cultivate; people may associate in doing so; there will be clubs, churches, and colleges by the thousand; and the adaptable spirit of Protestantism may be relied upon to lend a pious and philosophical sanction to any instinct that may deeply move the national mind.

Why should anyone be dissatisfied? Is it not enough that millionaires splendidly endow libraries and museums, that the democracy loves them, and that even the Bolsheviks prize the relics of Christian civilization when laid out in that funeral documentary form? Is it not enough that the field lies open for any young professor in love with his subject to pursue it hopefully and ecstatically, until perhaps it begins to grow stale, the face of it all cracked and wrinkled with little acrid controversies and perverse problems? And when not pressed so far, is it not enough that the same studies should supply a pleasant postscript to business, a congenial hobby or night-cap for ripe, rich, elderly people? May not the ardent humanist still cry (and not in the wilderness): Let us be well-balanced, let us be cultivated, let us be high-minded; let us control ourselves, as if we were wild; let us chasten ourselves, as if we had passions; let us learn the names and dates of all famous persons; let us travel and see all the pictures that are starred in Baedeker; let us establish still more complete museums at home, and sometimes visit them in order to show them to strangers; let us build still more immense libraries, containing all known books, good, bad, and indifferent, and let us occasionally write reviews of some of them, so that the public, at least by hearsay, may learn which are which?

Why be dissatisfied? I am sure that the true heirs to the three R's would not ask for more. Even Romance gets its due; what could be more romantic than the modern world, like a many-decked towering liner, a triumph of mechanism, a hive of varied activities, sailing for sailing's sake? Big Business is an amiable monster, far kindlier and more innocent than anything Machiavelli could have anticipated, and no less lavish in its patronage of experiment, invention, and finery than Bacon could have desired. The discontent of the American humanists would be unintelligible if they were really humanists in the old sense; if they represented in some measure the soul of that young oak, bursting the limits of Christendom. Can it be that they represent rather the shattered urn, or some one of its fragments? The leaders, indeed, though hardly their followers, might pass for rather censorious minds, designed by nature to be the pillars of some priestly orthodoxy; and their effort, not as yet very successful, seems to be to place their judgments upon a philosophical basis.

After all we may actually be witnessing the demise of the genteel tradition, though by a death more noble and glorious than some of us had looked for. Instead of expiring of fatigue, or evaporating into a faint odor of learning and sentiment hanging about Big Business, this tradition, in dying, may be mounting again to its divine source. In its origin it was a severe and explicit philosophy, Calvinism; not essentially humanistic at all, but theocratic. Theocracy is what all the enemies of the three R's, and more, the enemies of Romance, must endeavor to restore, if they understand their own position. Wealth, learning, sport, and beneficence, even on a grand scale, must leave them cold, or positively alarm them, if these fine things are not tightly controlled and meted out according to some revealed absolute standard. Culture won't do, they must say, unless it be the one right culture: learning won't do, unless it fills out the one true philosophy. No more sentimentality, then, or intellectual snobbery; away with the sunset glow and the organ peals overhead in a churchyard. Let us have honest bold dogmas supported by definite arguments: let us re-establish our moral sentiments on foundations more solid than tradition or gentility. Boundless liberal opportunity, such as Big Business offers, is a futile romantic lure. Even the most favorable turn of the fashion in education, criticism, and literature would not last for ever. The opposite schools would continue to advertise their wares; and only the unpredictable shifts of human moods and customs could here or there decide the issue. The best fruits of time, in any case, are unexpected. If our edifice is to be safe, we must lay the foundations in eternity.

Is this really the meaning of the American humanists, which they have hardly ventured to propose, even to themselves? If so, the summons is bold and the programme radical: nothing less than to brush away the four R's from the education and the sentiment of the modern world, and to reinstate a settled belief in a supernatural human soul and in a precise divine revelation. These, as they say in Spain, are major words, and we shall have to proceed with caution.

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Books of Special Interest

Protestantism

AN EMERGING CHRISTIAN FAITH. By JUSTIN WROE NIXON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

LIKE most of the books recommended by the judges of the Religious Book Club, this volume from the pen of one of the more distinguished Presbyterians of the moment is thought-provoking. In it, Mr. Nixon attempts to face what is left of Protestantism, now that it has been battered up by that Biblical criticism which has discredited its former central tenet of an infallible book, and by that change of mind and heart which has equally discredited its predominant, Calvinist, theology; to salvage those elements of it which were, and still are, essentially religious; to ask the question whether or not it can be preserved in a mechanized, dehumanized, and therefore irreligious age; and to offer a few pertinent suggestions. This is all done from the point of view of one who is himself deeply religious, and Christianly religious, and who is anxious that that which is basic in his own faith may somehow be no longer barred from all men about him. The strength of the volume seems to this reviewer to lie in the fact that he sees that people generally do not understand the Christian religion; its weakness is perhaps the author's failure to preceive that they have no desire to understand it, that they are possessed of a rather fiery will to disbelieve which no "restatements" will be sufficient to overcome.

This he comes nearest to perceiving in his chapter entitled "Can Christianity Endure Our Machine Culture?", but even there he seems strangely unwilling to recognize that possibly the struggle must be fought not in a scholastic debating-room but rather on the plains of Armageddon. He puts much faith in the emergence of industrial leaders who shall really value human worth, with a sort of despotic benevolence. He has a somewhat naive confidence in Mr. Owen Young and in the Harvard Business School. He also believes that there will come "a discovery on the part of organized Christianity of what its function is and of the means and methods which are essential to its performance," but precisely what these latter phrases mean he somehow never gets around to stating.

Instead he gets astray in a considerable exposition of why he thinks Protestantism, shattered though it is, is going to survive. Someone has told him that Protestantism as it now is cannot stand up against the attacks of a militant secular mechanism; that Catholicism alone has virility enough effectively to champion, in a day like this, the cause of the human spirit and of individual human worth. This naturally vexes him, and he sets out to defend his sort of Christianity. The defense is rather weak. It will hardly do to say as though it were an axiom, for instance, that Protestantism challenges the mind and conscience, while Latin Christianity appeals to the senses and the feelings. Such a statement will not wash with those who know the history of human thought in the last two thousand years, or in the last three hundred in particular. Nor will it quite do to assume, as Mr. Nixon does, that people become Catholics as a refuge from thinking. There are vast numbers of them who use the solid basis of what they think, at least, is revealed truth as that from which they may freely think, without fear of that mental collapse which is often inherent in unadulterated inductive reasoning. Mr. Nixon is not fair in these matters, and it mars his book, which is far from being an appeal to prejudice.

Another and a more serious defect, it seems to me, is the author's assumption that there is somehow such a thing as modern philosophy, scientific philosophy. Insofar as there has emerged such a thing, and that far is almost not at all, it is merely a degenerated Aristotelianism, especially in its epistomology. Against that there is slowly growing a sort of mystical Platonism, as yet confined to a very small group, almost wholly European. Neither of these constitutes a "new philosophy." Mr. Nixon hints that this scientific philosophy of which he speaks is based upon a belief in the "organic unity" of the universe. This leads one to believe that the author has not realized how greatly scientific theory is moving from the biological emphasis to that of physical-chemistry. By the time he gets Christianity restated in terms of biological analogy, which is what he seems to mean by restating it in terms of scientific philosophy, almost everyone will be using another analogy.

One wonders if, after all, religion is much dependent upon relating itself to this or that passing fashion in thought. This doubt has occurred, perhaps, to the author himself and makes him ask, in one of the strongest passages in the book: "What would happen if the Church should answer by a deed—make choice of the goodness rather than the power of God as the object of its life? The Church would probably become smaller. But it would be more humane and it would find itself invested again with spiritual authority. Once again it could stand over against the age and rebuke it. It would act upon our secular culture as a catalytic." In advancing that thesis one is led to believe that Mr. Nixon could be more persuasive than he is in this present interesting and suggestive volume, devoted as it is to maintaining that "the Church must essay the task of developing once more a high philosophy of religion and of life." Somehow, as we read him, we keep remembering that in a former time quite like our own the only antidote to crude and militant secularism was the Poverello.

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Cotton Mill People

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH. By BROADUS MITCHELL and GEORGE SINCLAIR MITCHELL. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1930.

Reviewed by ULRICH B. PHILLIPS
Yale University

THIS is not a book in the full sense of an integrated analysis or history. Instead, it is an assemblage of previously printed essays, by turns historical, critical, and exclamatory. It has no index—a bad omen this—and no citations; the table of contents is a jumble of flashy titles; the introduction is an apology for internal contradiction and repetition; and the text warrants the apology.

The first essay remarks that in the field "invectives, reproaches, and bitterness have been enemies to the calm thinking which is necessary." The sagacity of this is matched by wisdom in a number of other sentences; but intervening pages give evidence that the authors haven't always kept their own sound maxim in mind. Furthermore, the book is vague in certain matters where explicitness is wanted. None of its heroes is specified except Gregg, Hammett, Dawson, Gray, and Tompkins; and nearly all of its villains are nameless. Its heroes, incidentally, are dead to a man, and most of its villains are alive, —this for the curious reason that what was right in the nineteenth century is wrong in the twentieth. George A. Gray's "passion for economical contrivance" is given warm praise, but the "stretch-out," which is merely the latest economical contrivance, is a grievance giving just ground for strikes. William Gregg's paternalistic mill village was highly beneficial to the first generations of operatives; but the controlled village nowadays, though its welfare services have been improved to "the last word in the furnishing of health and social facilities," is everywhere a clog upon progress: it impedes the unionizing of labor and the urbanizing of life—the twin objectives of our time.

It is conceded that in British textiles unionization, though statistically dominant, has failed to procure lasting economic or social betterment; and moderation is advised for American labor leaders. But urbanization is a flawless goal: "Cities mean variety of work, keenness of competition, sharpening of wits, relief in amusements. Cities are tossing streams running always to the sea. They have left behind the headless, slimy ponds of the back country." This is a purple patch from the book. But by chance a recent editorial in the New York *Times* proffers the following:

> Consider what the city dweller has to put up with, and then reflect upon the existence of his rural brother. The subway, that vibrating Black Hole of Calcutta, receives its wedged and dented passengers; traffic above ground jerks painfully through its system of red and green lights. the dust and soot collects on a million window-sills; the tumult of motor cars, elevated trains, riveting machines, and misguided radios rises to a crescendo. . . . There may be a moon and stars, but all that one is aware of is the electric lights.

In a quieter moment of their own, the Mitchell brothers give good appraisal of the mill village as such:

> Living under patronage, the mill population has come to rely heavily upon the company and its agencies for supervision and relief. . . . In some cases even where the mill is located in a city it has its own village, a sort of island in the general population, with its own public institutions. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker look upon the "cotton mill people" as undesirable, and these factory workers have been given an "inferiority complex" which is generally dulling in effect.

In another passage these contemners of the village actually defend it against Frank Tannenbaum's drastic censure.

The psychological setting of the mill system's infancy is treated with clear intelligence; the account of the strikes which now mark its adolescence is more perfunctory. The causes of low wages, long hours, and child labor are calmly traced; and while these conditions are sharply deprecated they are shown to have a good prospect of relief in the near future when the small residue of impoverished white farmers shall have been drawn into the multiplying mills and the managers are thereby put into sharp competition in recruiting and retaining labor.

Though it is irritating to find "Poor Whites" always capitalized and the category magnified to embrace nearly all who rate economically below the middle class, it is a pleasure to meet a searching analysis of the large element which has only a choice between tenant or peasant farming and factory work at unskilled wages. Even this would be improved if notes were used from Lewis Carr's "America Challenged" as to how much, how long, and why cotton farming has been the least remunerative branch of American agriculture.

In these uneven sketches of Carolina cotton mills and their people there are bits of good history and philosophy beyond the present specification. By an excess of publishing enterprise the authors have estopped themselves from entitling a future work, "The Industrial Revolution in the South." But what's in a name? It is to be hoped that under some other designation they may contribute what we here looked for too soon, a mature, calm, and thorough study of that notable phenomenon.

As Others See Us

NEW YORK. By PAUL MORAND. Holt. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

BOOKS about America by foreigners have become considerably more common in the last few seasons than in the days before the war when Europe wondered, not unreasonably, how Arnold Bennett could devote a whole volume to "the States." The subject matter has now to be narrowed down to a particular region or city more often than not, and of course New York has received ample attention. Yet M. Paul Morand's book, so successful abroad, is good enough to stand out above most of its competitors. In spite of its tone, which is sometimes apt to deviate uncertainly between cataloguing in the guide-book manner and painting impressionistic pictures of New York life, it contains so much that is accurate, new, and admirably set down about this most remarkable of modern cities that almost anyone, whether a native or not, will read it with pleasure.

The breadth of the author's viewpoint, which is neither unreasonably sympathetic nor too critical of our far from faultless metropolis, assures a fair treatment for most of our institutions. Life in New York, it may be objected, is not so superficial or brightly colored a pageant as Morand makes it seem, but it should be remembered that the book claims and seeks only to give us a foreigner's impression. To his cosmopolitan mind New York is the most congenial of cities,—at least to *visit* from time to time,—and his enthusiasm is effectively conveyed. But it may be noted that somewhere else he has assured us that he does not care to *live* there for a long period. The excellences of his book are many,—best of all, perhaps, the description of Wall Street as it was in the dear, dead days before the crash. Indeed, a good deal of M. Morand's work is already become historical, but in a city which lives so fast this is inevitable and only adds a charm of perspective to it.

"Der alte Kaiser," Francis Joseph, is presented to the world in two recent volumes, one entitled "Briefe Kaiser Franz Josephs I an Seine Mutter, 1838-1872" (Munich: Kosel & Pustet), edited by Franz Schnürer, and the other, "Erinnerungen an Franz Joseph I," edited by Eduard Ritter von Steinitz (Berlin: Verlag für Kulturpolitik.) The first book, of course, is a record of his life from his own pen, the second is a volume of personal impressions of men of various sorts brought together and lovingly edited.

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The Editor-in-Chief of the Autographed Editions Club is Ralph Cheyney, the director of book design is Adolph Ritter. The first book they have prepared for subscribers is "Body," by Daniel Quilter, described elsewhere on this page.

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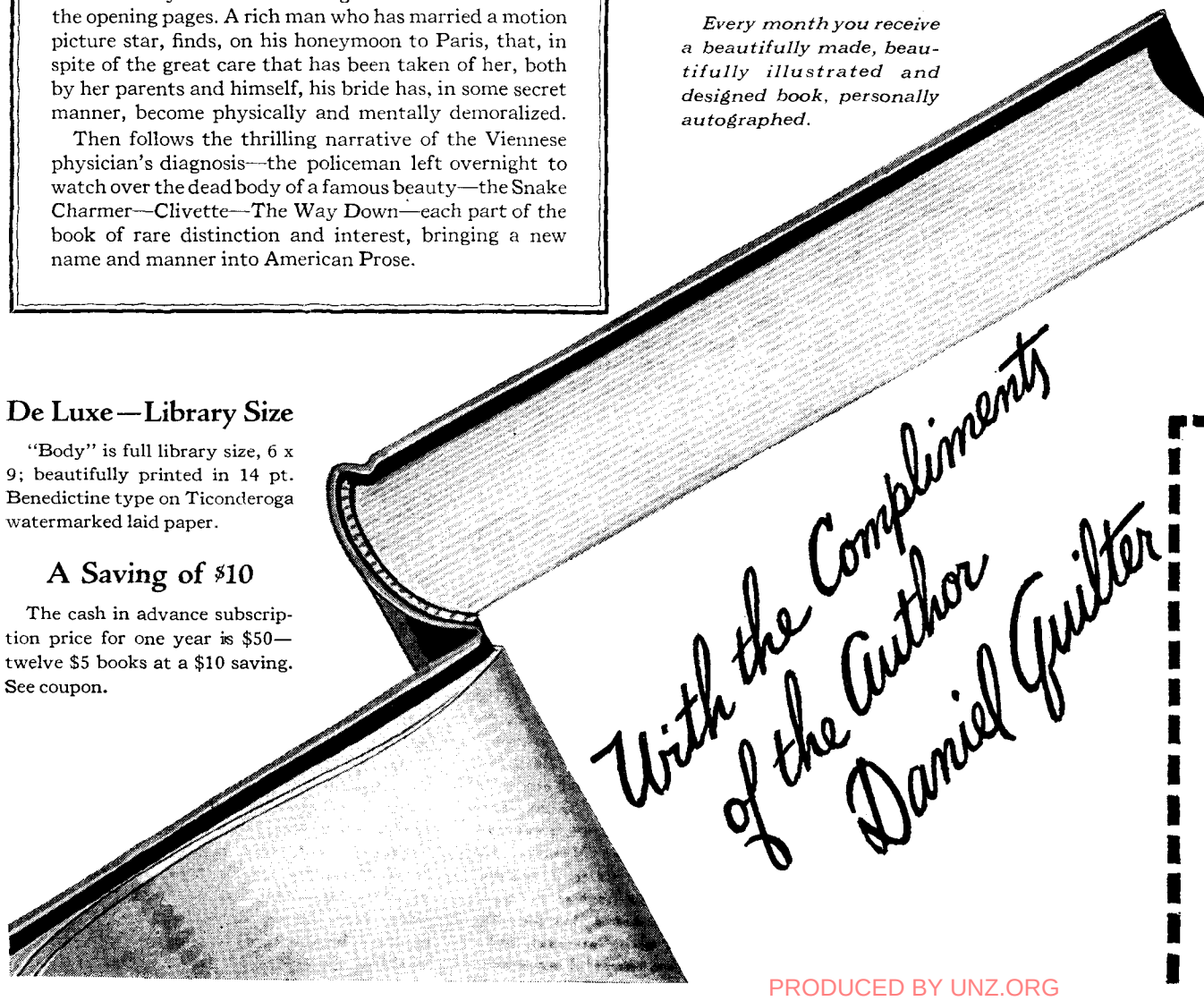

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FROM the Oxford University Press comes a new and enlarged edition of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Green Bays: Verses and Parodies." It is a good little green book over which to recover from Christmas. As usual the Oxford Press has given a book of "Q's" an ideal format.

One of the greatest and most stirring parodies of all time is "The Famous Ballad of the Jubilee Cup," which mixes up the technical terminology of various sports in a most indescribably hilarious fasion. And we ourselves should put "A New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" not far below it. Both of these have been favorites of ours for years. Sir Arthur begins his little book, however, with a parody of Tennyson. It contains some excellent things, such as:

But when the amorous moon of honeycomb
Was over, ere the matron-flower of Love—
Step-sister to To-morrow's marmalade—
Swooned scentless, Mariana found her lord
Did something jar the nicer feminine sense
With usage

That is well enough. Still it does not achieve the splendor of the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens. Has there ever, we wonder, been a better parody of the border ballad? The poem deals entirely with the erection of an equilateral triangle:

The tane circle was B C D,
And A C E the tither:
'I rode ye well,' Sir Patrick said,
'They interseck ilk ither. . . .

'And there ye have a little triangle
As bonny as e'er was seen;
The whilk is not isosceles,
Nor yet it is scalene.'

The late Lewis Carroll, we think, who wrote that marvelous quatrain about his head being

full of indices and surds;
$X^2+7x+63=11/3$

—we are quoting from memory, and so have probably got the mathematics wrong! —would have profoundly enjoyed Sir Arthur's "Sir Patrick." A careful study of the versification will also yield to the reader a subtle adoption of all the metrical and repetitive characteristics of the ballad. The parody could have been written by no mere scholar. Only a genuine poet whose ear was attentively attuned to the most delicate effects of the cadence could have produced it in its ringing spontaneity; only one even more familiar with all the great ballads than with geometry could have carried out successfully this great humorous conception.

The "Jubilee Cup" is, of course, immortal; and in it also the highest cleverness of terminology accompanies an impeccable sense of rhythm as well as a complete familiarity with the sentimental-dramatic recitation. The excitement is built up beautifully, the pace of this nonsense-race is lifted and lifted while catastrophe within sight of victory, saved nevertheless by quick and heroic action, reproduces perfectly the inevitable device used by recent emotional balladists. Sir Arthur has learned every trick that Tennyson had in his bag, and the swinging use that Kipling so often made of the technical is deliciously burlesqued:

You may overlap at the saddle-flap, and yet
be loo'd on the tape:
And it all depends upon changing ends, how
a seven-year-old will shape;
It was tack and tack to the Lepe and back—
a fair ding-dong to the Ridge,
And he led by his forward canvas yet as we
shot neath Hammersmith Bridge.
He led by his forward canvas—he led from
his strongest suit—
But along we went on a roaring scent, and
at Fawley I gained a foot.
He fisted off from the throttle, and gave me
his wash—too late!
Deuce—vantage—check! By neck and neck,
we rounded into the straight.

We speak seriously when we say that despite some superb metrical shifts in John Masefield's poem "Right Royal," he achieves there no single better technical effect. That the matter of Sir Arthur's poem is nonsense of purest ray serene and the matter of Masefield's a description of the conquering running of a noble horse has nothing to do with the case. One can appreciate many aspects of a parody. The measure Masefield uses is entirely different, also, from that Sir Arthur affects, but we are considering merely the achievement of an intention.

At the end of the "Jubilee Cup" we have, of course, the inevitable note of pathos:

I'm going out with the tide, lad—You'll dig
me a humble grave,
And while you will bring your bride, lad,
and your sons (if sons you have),
And there, when the dews are weeping, and
the echoes murmur 'Peace!'
And the salt, salt tide comes creeping and
covers the popping-crease,—

Then, of course, there is the pathetic Irish ballad of "Kenmare River," concerning the lass who lost forever her love, Phelim O'Shea the dynamiter, who would "hould me hand as he pulled the thriggers an' scattered the thraytors to smithereens." Over this poem broods stark tragedy, for the lass, "alone and palely loitering," explains why she can no longer whistle an answer to the pretty birds of the spring:

For the voice he swore 'ud out-call the
linnet's
Is cracked intoirely, and lost its chune,
Since the clock-work missed it by thirteen
minutes
An' scattered me Phelim around the moon,
Aroon, Aroon!

And on the next page we observe Sir Arthur's inimitable management of sapphics in the sad tale of Lady Jane's love for the gardiner:

Kidney beans, broad beans, onions, tomatoes,
Artichokes, seakale, vegetable marrows,
Early potatoes.

Those masterly lines are far more difficult than in their naturalness they may appear. A properly syllabled sapphic line demands an exceptionally true poetic ear. The fife-and-drum quickstep of "The Big Review" a little further on reveals another technical victory, the mastery of a difficult interior rhyme:

'O where, O where's my best Recruit
That e'er I paid a shillin' for?'—
But all the Regiment stuck there mute,
Unwillin' for to explain:

There are, in this small book, even an amusing Latin and an amusing French exercise. There are also take-offs on Cowper, Poe, the Ballad again, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, Browning, Praed, Swinburne, Bret Harte, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, and poems after the famous manner of Calverley and after the well-known "As I laye a-thynkynge" of Barham. What could be more perfect Calverley than:

Age thinks 'fit,' and I say 'fiat.'
Here I stand for Fortune's butt
As for Sunday swains to shy at
Stands the stoic coco-nut.
If you wish it put succinctly,
Gone are all our little games;
But I thought I'd say distinctly
What I feel about it, James.

These verses have still about them the charm of salad days; two sections dedicate themselves to Oxford and to Cambridge respectively. But to find such finished verse among the seniors, say, of an American university, would be extremely difficult. Anent Sir Arthur's "Solvitur Acris Hiemps," we recall that, early in this century, one Charles E. Merrill Jr. wrote for an Alumni number of the *Yale Courant* a like adaptation which we should place even above "Q" s. And as an undergraduate one of Merrill's translations of Horace "made," if our memory does not fail us, Stedman's American anthology. Though we were some years after Merrill's year at New Haven we can recall no other undergraduate verse as sheerly clever as his save that of Brian Hooker most of which is legendary, and if it has ever been collected between covers we know not of it. It has always seemed to us a great pity that the exigencies of business, or desires more pressing, prevented Merrill from giving us a great deal more of his accomplished work. It is rare, as we have said, to find true poetic ability turned to the uses of lighter verse. When it is, the result is like to be extraordinarily good. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is, of course, a true poet. His "Splendid Spur" and his ballad with the refrain "Virtue is that becrowns a man," are of great excellence in their kind. His serious poetry is both moving and effective. That is the reason he writes such good parody. Certainly our best verse parodists of the day are both poets, J. C. Squire in England and Louis Untermeyer in America.

A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

LÉON DAUDET'S second volume of "Paris Vécu" is devoted to *la Rive Gauche*, that is, all the quarters on the left bank of the Seine: Faubourg St. Germain, Latin quarter, Montparnasse, Halle aux Vins, etc. There he was born, there he lived his youthful days and garnered his most cherished memories. Like all masters of invective, he betrays as he grows old that streak of sentiment from which the torrent of angered rhetoric so often springs. There is a mellowness, a tenderness in most of these reminiscences that go far deeper into the stuff of humanity than his accustomed truculence. Do you remember the heart-rending cry uttered by Chateaubriand in his "Life of Rancé," when he was nearing eighty? "Rompre avec les choses réelles, ce n'est rien. Mais avec les souvenirs . . . Le cœur se brise à la séparation des songes, tant il y a peu de réalité dans l'homme." (To break with realities is nothing. But with memories. . . .At parting with shadows our heart falls asunder: so little substance there lies in man). This is, among other things, what "Paris Vécu" makes one realize.

Not even Léon Daudet can be more deeply steeped than the correspondent of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in the atmosphere of the "leftest" part of the Left Side, i.e. *Rive Gauche*. Those citizens of the American world of letters who are acquainted with "Pavillon Ambroise Paré," in "Villa Adrienne," will understand what I mean. The four hundred-yard rows of chestnut trees are at this moment shedding their dead leaves; new hedges, privet, spindle, in fine condition; blackbirds more numerous and stray cats less prosperous than ever. Rumbling Luxembourg trains, Chatelet trams, and metro as distant as of yore. In spite of which, slightly disturbing impression of being threatened by an invasion of foreign settlers consequent upon the decay of roaring Montparnasse on one side of us, and its supersession by Montsouris on the other side with our own Montrouge between. All these quarters were still *"banlieue"* when Léon Daudet was young. Now they are urban, cosmopolitan in the extreme, except for some concealed Arcadias and ignored Quadrangles. Though proclaiming a preference for the still greater peace of my Touraine village, I am, after many wanderings and intermittent returns, once more within this rural oasis in Paris, in the middle of the same *Rive Gauche* which I already knew at the time of Léon Daudet's recollections. Such is my excuse for enlarging upon his themes.

He leads us from street to street, listening to the ghosts of his youth. Those brotherly adolescents who successively were himself, they speak with a single, even voice, so different from the later polemist's booming accents. They talk of men, much more than of things, and almost exclusively of celebrities, but, even in their apparently detached way, they betray an element of external dominance, sharp summariness, less intelligent than intelligible, announcing much of what, years later, during the Dreyfus Affair, became a line of cleavage between French people.

Compare, for instance, the second volume of "Paris Vécu" with the first of "Si le Grain ne Meurt," by André Gide, also a book of "Souvenirs," lived in the same Paris, at the same period. You will feel a difference in outlook which goes far to explain the perennial duality of bourgeoisely intellectual life. Léon Daudet was constantly looking outwards, André Gide, inwards. Then as now, a double current carried the cultured youth of the capital in contrary directions. Some were born in the social, others in the individual tradition. It is not so much a difference of *milieu* as of temperaments. Léon Daudet was not at all, in his youth, a militant royalist and catholic. André Gide, born and brought up a Protestant, has never, even in his teens, lived otherwise than in a state of "disponibility," as he says. They were of the same class. Both belong to the liberal bourgeoisie, now faintly decaying, but then omnipotent. Léon Daudet shared in the prestige of a world-known father, and his friends, the young Berthelots and Hugos, were not less privileged. André Gide, though less in the public eye than the Daudets, Berthelots, and Hugos, belonged to an active and powerful minority. Yet the one has for thirty years led a considerable part of France, awakened and endoctrined by Charles Maurras, towards a noisy and purely exterior organization of the future on the lines of the past. And the other, almost unaided, has been the chief instrument of a silent, internal, individual, but none the less powerful movement that might, if all labels were not misleading, be called a disorganization of the present on the lines of the future.

Without ever meeting them, at that time, I was a student in Paris at the same moment as Léon Daudet and his associates, André Gide and his friends. Their respective portraits of Paris-*Rive-Gauche*, however different from one another, are far from including all aspects of the model, especially those which are now proving the most significant. Neither Daudet nor Gide, seems, for instance, to have noticed the existence of that stratum of "intelligentsia" just arising at the time, for ill or good, better or worse, from the recently established *Enseignement Laïque, Gratuit et Obligatoire*. Men like Painlevé, Péguy, and, a little later, Alain Fournier, are products of that movement.

It is true that the history of Paris is one thing, and the history of France another. But the real character of *La Rive Gauche*, even its purely external aspect at the end of the nineteenth century, were already beginning to be clearer to those not born within one or the other of the mental "arrondissements" of officialdom. Between Léon Daudet's youthful days and his full maturity, Paris became invaded by, and governed from, the provinces. And now, la Sorbonne, the Latin Quarter, the *Rive Gauche* are gloriously reverting to what they were in the Middle Ages, a big *Cité Universitaire*, if not a universal city. All these changes can be read in the streets and the parks. I do not believe that "un paysage est un état d'âme." Un "paysage" is fore and foremost "un paysage," to be observed, studied, and then, only then, interpreted. But, if you know your business, the effort of interpreting will induce the fitting frame of mind. A state of grace does not necessarily imply a revelation. They happen together, or not at all. Anyhow, I could not, for the life of me, see *la Rive Gauche* as Léon Daudet sees it; a mere object of recollections, mostly limited to men. It is to me much more than that.

The plebe of my own fellows, fresh from their rural districts, issuing from artisan or peasant stock, gaped at the insolence and envied the impunity of those young Daudets, Berthelots, and Hugos. They had a reputation for turbulence, coolness in scrapes, "ragging" capacity, and also for mental sloth, which most probably exceeded their deserves. Among the many stories afloat, there was the episode of their encounter with the police official in command of the X district. They had just been delivered into his hands, rather dishevelled, after a street scuffle, and stood at attention in his small bare office.

"—Your name?" —"Daudet", —"What? Tartarin's brother? Any relation of Daudet Alphonse?" —"His son."

The "Commissaire" scratched his head. Inauspicious case.

—"And you?" —"Berthelot" —"What, Berthelot? Is the "Savant" your grandfather?" —"No, my father."

Yes, decidedly a ticklish affair. The "Commissaire" rubbed his nose.

—"And *who* are *you?*" —"Georges Hugo, grandson of Victor," said the third offender, flourishing an affectionately dedicated photo of the poet.

M. le Commissaire was now turned green. Taking refuge in anger, he exploded:

—"How can you disgrace such names as yours, names that . . . names which. . . . Well, anyhow," he said, getting up and pushing them vigorously doorwards. . . . "Let me never set eyes upon you again. Never. Do you hear?

Then his rage culminated. "Out with you," he cried. (I am aware this is a very feeble rendering for "foutez moi le camp.") And he actually expelled them from the police station.

La Rive Gauche was then ending at the top of Boulevard St. Michel. Thirty years before, Balzac could live in deep concealment just outside l'Observatoire. That quarter was almost inaccessible. Now, *la Rive Gauche* includes not only Montparnasse, Montrouge, Plaisance, Montsouris, but extends towards Arcueil and Sceaux. Its center was once near the Seine, then near the Panthéon. Now it has moved somewhere around the Lion de Belford. In another generation it will be where the old ramparts once stood. It is no longer, as often said, a provincial Paris, but rather a huge Parisian colony, with ruffianly bogs and marshes not far down from the surface, a fringe of factories and furnaces, and cosmopolitan areas rapidly extending. Daudet's recollections deal only with the *Rive Gauche* of thirty years ago. It was far more different from the rest of the world than it is to day, because less in contact with the world of the rest.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

W. B. W., Pasadena, Cal., asks for a simple introduction to the Vedas, the books of Mana, and occultism in general.

I COULD not wish for a more sympathetic introduction to the Oriental outlook on religious life and on life in general than that afforded by F. Yeats-Brown's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (Viking). That this novel is also a compendium of the more exciting and expensive forms of sport and big game hunting will not lessen its usefulness. The works of Dhan Gopal Mukerji are likely to put an American reader into a sympathetic frame of mind; Oriental philosophy pervades all that he writes, even the lovely book for children about a pigeon, "Gay Neck" (Dutton), and "The Face of Silence" (Dutton); he has arranged a volume of "Devotional Passages from the Hindu Bible Adapted into English" (Dutton).

The book that tells a beginner the most about the various aspects of Oriental religion, in a manner easily understandable by a Western reader, is L. Adams Beck's "The Story of Oriental Philosophy" (Cosmopolitan). Its charm is in its attitude; its sympathy is persuasive, and one feels that whatever "E. Barrington" may have written besides, she must herself believe that she lived in order to write this book.

I. B., Hagerstown, Md., is to lead a discussion on "Do we think as we read?" and asks for references.

IN my "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes) there is a section on lifting the eyes from the page and following the thought starting by something on it, with a paragraph that was printed in large letters on a red card and used all over the country as a library poster. Perhaps Dr. Walter Pitkin's "Art of Rapid Reading" (McGraw-Hill) will give you data, though some of this may be in another direction. Of course we think when we read, just as we breathe when we eat, but if we keep straight on rapidly reading it will not be thinking as the Abbé Dimnet uses the word. For that sort, one must give his mind to it. Indeed, the chapter on reading the newspaper in Dimnet's "Art of Thinking" (Simon & Schuster) would be excellent for this purpose.

O. E. W., Gambier, Ohio, asks if there is a translation of the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles besides the one in the Loeb Classical Library, which he thinks "not good enough for so great a play."

HE goes on to say that there is much need for better translations of the classics, "but of course anybody who has enough talent for the job wants to write his own masterpieces. He doesn't appreciate the fact that a real translation requires more knowledge and judgment and taste and skill than probably—his own original writing, or what may deter him is the necessary submersion of himself in the work of another, so that the other may shine for a new public. One loses his life in order that another may gain his—which is no ordinary virtue." Try the free version of John Jay Chapman, included with that of the "Medea" of Euripides in "Two Greek Plays" (Houghton Mifflin). This "makes no claim to scholarship" and may, indeed, in the translator's phrase, be likened "to a transcript for the piano made from a symphony." This stirring presentation of a play he calls "the only one completely modern in feeling" is accompanied by memoranda with valuable suggestions as to the function of the chorus as "resonator" and as "punctuation mark," and some disarming confessions of an amateur translator—for instance, that "if a line is obscure, or very hard to manage . . . the amateur leaves it out." Let not this send away the possible reader with averted head; he will get from this version a warm interest in the play as a living thing.

Calls have come in from *M. F. C., Boston*, for the name of a novel about pirates around Passamaquoddy Bay in Maine, which natives have asked a summer visitor to get for them, but whose name and author he has forgotten. Also from *E. F. N., Chicago*, for a song called "Stand to your Glasses," with a line about "a cup to the dead already and here's to the next who dies," and from *M. K., Philadelphia*, for a book on the strange language which children make up themselves, using their jargons for the usual adult words. The inquirer thinks, and a submerged opinion at the back of my memory agrees, that it was published not very long ago in England. I hope someone sends me its name; I will look in it directly to see if it deals with one of the most fascinating sidelines of language, the curious means of communication used often by twins before they condescend to employ crass adult methods. When a family starts with a set of twins the parents sometimes wonder if they are ever going to talk. John Walter, my peerless cat, can't see why anyone ever should, and considering how well he gets and gives ideas, one sometimes wonders. The report on cheese is strenghtened by two readers, *K. F., Chicago Heights, Ill.*, and *R. B., New York*, who remind me that the worst inconvenience suffered by Ben Gunn in "Treasure Island" during his marooned period was the lack of cheese, and that he had a sort of mirage of it when his feelings overcame him. K. F. also says that Mr. Julius Tannen, the monologist, speaks of a kind of cheese which "dominates your conversation." *Joseph Lewis French*, the anthologist, sends me a "Ballad of Old Cheese" which he published thirty years ago, saying that my "fine discursiveness" prompted the deed: it has a gusto appropriate to the endline, "On an honest snack of rare old cheese." *G. W. T., Cleveland Public Library*, sends, for the list of teachers in literature, "Schooling," by Paul Selvers, the translator of "R. U. R." (Boni). "This," he says, "depicts a young college graduate's start in teaching; his life in the boarding school is described almost entirely with reference to the master's common room, and the boys are hardly mentioned." Since I sent the list to press I have read "Dance on the Tortoise," by Marion Patton (Dial), whose characters are for the most part teachers in a girls' boarding school; as in "Schooling" the pupils are in the background. Miss Patton's teachers are young and alive and though there is one tragedy, it is not due to the scholastic system. An anonymous correspondent in Chicago tells me to add to the list of books offered to *W. E. M., Coronado*, "The Invert," written by someone signing himself "Anomaly." He adds "The tragedies so often rehearsed in recent fiction showing the bitter sorrows of young folk who share inheritance from white and black are true ones; passing the color line does involve unspeakable heartache and despair, but equally grievous is the lot of man or woman whom nature has thrown athwart the normal sex line." *A. W. B., London, Eng.*, tells me that there is a book in print with selections from the "Journal des Goncourts" in English, the "Extracts from the Goncourt Journals," edited by Julius West in the Nelson Library, an inexpensive collection. *M. C., Waukesha, Wis.*, is reminded by the clown list of a book in the library in which she grew up, the autobiography of a famous clown, an Englishman, who had played both in England and in America, but "like a patron, I can't remember author or title." As the clown collector would be glad to know of it, I hope someone can. If he reads French or German, "Les Fratellini," by Pierre Mariel (Falcon Press, Paris), is the story of these three famous clowns, which appeared in French in 1923 and was translated the year after into German by Hans Heinz Ewers. And as the list of books on the Southwest appeared not so long ago, take notice that "Ancient Life in the American Southwest," by Edgar L. Hewitt (Bobbs-Merrill), has just appeared, a fine, big volume, most readable, by the director of the School of American Research in Mexico and head of the department of Anthropology at the University of New Mexico. It has any number of photographs and gives the results of the very latest work done there by Dr. Hewitt and his classes; it will be welcomed especially by libraries.

"Beethoven went deaf, and Bach, still later in life, went blind," says the London *Observer*. "For Bach's blindness there was obvious cause—the incessant copying of music. And this in spite of the devoted help of his second wife, Anna Magdalena. In 'Die Kleine Chronik der Anna Magdalena Bach' (Koehler & Amelang), an anonymous authoress writes with such understanding of the Bach household that the book has been mistaken for memoirs. It is concerned as much with the personal as with the professional, and is well illustrated."

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ANNUAL OF AMERICAN DESIGN, 1931. Edited by R. L. LEONARD and C. A. GIASSGOLD. Washburn. 1930. $7.50.

This volume is a compact and representative exposition of modern art in America. It deals with such varied aspects of new design as the home, business, industry, and advertising, and all of these are excellently illustrated by unusually fine examples. It is both good propaganda for American progress and a good reference book for the up-to-date designer. There are a dozen short articles whose authors are recognized as of the forefront of artistic advance. Several, such as Lewis Mumford, Paul Frankl, and Glassgold sound once again the familiar war cry of those who would break with tradition. Their insistence that art be brought within the reach of all recalls the refrain of the Grand Inquisitor from the "Gondoliers": "When everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody." None the less they make some fundamental distinctions of importance. Frank Lloyd Wright, Hugh Ferris, and Kem Webber are stimulating and penetrating in their remarks. It is, however, Lee Simonson who best states the problem and indicates the direction of development of modern art. His contribution is an excellent critique of the entire book, pointing out that elimination of ornament and simplicity have forced the use of such fine materials and skilled workmanship as to make good designs prohibitive in cost. The answer lies in developing new materials, in making full use of modern research and industrial resource. In short, we must be masters of the machine, dictators of the mechanistic world.

Education

THE MENTAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHILD. By KARL BÜHLER. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $3.75.

This book is adequately characterized in its sub-title; it is "a summary of modern psychological theory," as it bears upon the interpretation of behavior in childhood. The author declares his theme to be an account of the humanization of the child, who "enters the world more helpless than most animals, entirely passive, and as yet devoid of all mental activity" though "it stands before us three years later, a thinking being that has far surpassed all animals." In developing this theme Professor Bühler draws not only upon his own rich research experience with children, but also reports much of the recent work of others.

The book is a translation and abbreviation of his longer one in German, "Die Geistige Entwicklung des Kindes." It is intended primarily for students and teachers. The author's contribution is chiefly in the organization of material from a wide variety of sources, much of which must still be considered hypothetical rather than well established fact. The book is not confined to a report of scientific findings, but includes also descriptive accounts based on speculative analysis, which are ingenious, but of uncertain value to the less critical student. Since all work is recounted by an individual who is not its originator undergoes a certain degree of transformation, one leaves a book which attempts summarization with the question whether the student is not ultimately better grounded if he is forced to rely on primary sources.

MODERN LITERATURE FOR ORAL INTERPRETATION. By *Gertrude E. Johnson*. Century. $2.50.

A PREFACE TO LITERATURE. By *R. R. Greenwood*. Macmillan. 80 cents.

TEACHING THE CHILD TO READ. By *Samuel W. Patterson*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

JUNIOR LITERATURE. 3 vols. vols I and II. Edited by *Sterling A. Leonard* and *Harold Y. Moffett*. Vol. III. Edited by *Sterling A. Leonard, Harold Y. Moffett*, and *Maurice W. Moe*. Macmillan.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG INDIA. By *William J. McKee*. University of North Carolina Press. $4.50.

THE LIBERAL COLLEGE IN CHANGING SOCIETY. By *J. B. Johnston*. Century. $2.50.

OUTLINE OF THE LITERARY HISTORY OF EUROPE SINCE THE RENAISSANCE. By *Paul van Tieghem*. Century. $2.50.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE. By *James J. Walsh*. Stratford. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL. By COLETTE and WILLY. Boni. 1930. $2.50.

The first successes of Colette as a writer were the "Claudine" books, of which she was nominally only part author, the more practiced hand of her husband having added the finishing touches to her somewhat unvarnished tales of a schoolgirl, told out of school. This combination of apparent naïveté with actual sophistication, especially in matters of the heart, proved immensely popular in France. The series of books about Claudine is long and not always as precociously amusing as the first volumes, now translated as "Claudine at School."

Just how much of the particular quality of Colette's work, which is quite unlike that of anyone else in the world, is due to her former husband Willy will perhaps never be known, but it is certain that he set her on the right track at the beginning of her career and helped her to create the earliest of that long gallery of women's portraits with which she has charmed her very large public ever since. For Claudine is the forerunner and type of all the many heroines of Colette's books, and in her, still a little raw with youth and unmellowed by sentiment, may be found the elements (drawn of course from herself) of her unforgettable Léa. Since then she has learned a great deal about writing, more in fact than Willy could ever have taught her, while her work has gained immensely in subtlety without ever losing the humor which it possessed even in Claudine's day. The separation, both literary and marital, of Colette and Willy has, in fact, worked nothing but good. Alone of the writers of her period she has kept both the average reader and the literary coteries of Paris favorable to her work, without yielding to the influences of fashion. Her latest book, "Sido," is as distinctively hers and as clearly worth reading as ever, —and of how many writers more "serious" or "powerful" can one say as much after a career of more than a quarter century?

After long neglect, Colette has begun to be appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon world. Perhaps it was necessary for us to grow up to her far from simple standards to understand her. Now that "Chéri" and "Mitsou" have been welcomed as scandalous but clearly excellent things, "Claudine," which is a great deal less moral and far more cold-blooded, will no doubt be equally gladly adopted, though one hopes *not* by some unsuspecting Mama looking for suitable reading matter for her schoolgirl daughter. The picture of school life in it is far from pleasant as a matter of fact, but there is an unmistakable stamp of truth about it, and the manner of the telling is so expert as to rob it of its sting. It is not the best Colette, but it is highly characteristic, and it has been well translated.

TOGETHER AGAIN. By HELEN GRACE CARLISLE. Cape-Smith. 1930. $2.50.

This is the story of two young people whose happiness together is forever destroyed by his fear, by her need for physical love, and by the unbelievable cruelty of an older man—a simple, powerful story, which the author has woefully spoiled by a pretentious and self-conscious approach. Unsatisfied with telling a straightforward dramatic tale, she bewilders the reader by symbolic chapter headings—Avatar, Hypostasis, Chalcedony; she uses no names for her characters, simply The Boy, The Girl, The Doctor, and goes sometimes to ridiculous lengths in her endeavor to avoid commonplace phraseology. Affectations like "fretted with afraid desire," and "something of her troubled him," distract one's attention from an otherwise intense scene.

There is something to be said however for the deliberate simplicity of Miss Carlisle's design—the selecting of only a few nameless characters, exhibiting only their boldest characteristics, and cutting out all but the essential details of their background. The result is Rockwell Kent silhouettes, smoothly rounded, large and significant. Moreover, these Olympian figures appear only in the most melodramatic situations: two young people climbing through the night to the top of an enormous chimney; at another time, swinging high and wide in each others' arms, on a rope swing about to break; the doctor lover forcing his way into the girl's room; and above all, the horrible dénoûement viciously planned, by which the boy joyfully opens the bedroom door only to see the other two there together.

But the effect fails by overdoing. By its very artfulness, the story destroys itself. Too much manipulation takes away all sense of reality. The affectations make us more conscious of author than of story. And by the end one suspects that the emotional sweep which has driven one on to read, has been after all only deliberate excitation.

PHILIPPINE. By MAURICE BEDEL. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. 1930.

How a clever writer can damn with overwhelming praise is exemplified in the most recent novel by the author whose "Jérome" and "Molinoff" have tickled the funnybones of France and America.

Successful in sending a Frenchman to Latitude 60 north, Maurice Bedel now sends to Italy a naïve French girl whose knowledge of life comes from Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro. This is a novel full of enthusiasm for Fascism in Italy, but Mussolini will certainly ban the book and probably burn the author in effigy.

Philippine Grenadier, secretary to her father, a business man turned editor of *La Revue Contemporaine*, accompanies him to Italy to record his impressions. He is enthusiastic over conditions in Italy in spite of being spied on, dragged countless times to the police stations, and seeing his daughter insulted on the womanless streets of Rome. All Italian women, he learns, are at home attending to the increasing of the census.

There is not so much story as in M. Bedel's previous novels, but it will doubtless be translated into English to the joy of enemies of present day Italy.

AMBITION. By BERNARD GUTTMANN. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

Like many other prize-winning novels, Herr Guttmann's "Ambition" suggests in its methods and subject one of the great successes of preceding seasons,—namely, Feuchtwanger's "Jew Suss." It is fairly natural that judges, however astute, should choose an excellent but imitative work rather than some bolder novel by a new talent, unlikely to unite their opinions or to be highly popular with the public. Mr. Lewisohn, who has translated the book, admits the comparison with Feuchtwanger and claims for "Ambition" equal power and interest.

Certainly the period and setting are well treated, and Guttmann shows himself an adept at keeping up a thread of narrative utilizing multitudinous historical and semi-historical personages, ranging from the Great Elector of Prussia and his family to the servants and innkeepers of Potsdam and Berlin. Yet it may be noted that unlike Feuchtwanger he has chosen no dominating figure around which to build up his story, and has consequently lost the principal means of holding the reader's attention. His book in the end becomes a kind of historical scenario with a minor and not very original love interest, a "Jew Suss" without Suss, an "Ugly Duchess" without a Margarethe Maultasch. If one wishes to study the conflicts, political and religious, of the time without reading too many dull text books, there are worse ways than in the pages of Herr Guttmann's novel, which mingles all the confused currents eventually leading to the foundation of modern Prussia in a sufficiently attractive whole. A great historical novel it is not, but it is often an admirable picture of a scene unfortunately neither so fantastic nor so picturesque as those chosen by Feuchtwanger for his historical novels.

Miscellaneous

FOREIGN TRADE. By *Grover G. Huebner* and *Roland L. Kramer*. Appleton. $5.

FAMOUS FAMILIES OF MASSACHUSETTS. By *Mary Caroline Crawford*. Little, Brown. 2 vols. $10.

THE SAVOY COCKTAIL BOOK. By *Harry Paddock*. Smith.

GREATER THOUGHTS OF IMMORTALITY. Compiled by *J. Hilder*. Smith. $2.

THE ROAD TO CULTURE. By *Charles Gray Shaw*. Funk & Wagnalls.

EX-RACKETEER. New York: Rudolph Field. $1.

ATALA. Translated from the French of *F. A. Chateau Viand* by *Caleb Bingham*. Edited by *William Leonard Schwartz*. Stanford University Press. $2.

DESCENSUS AVERNO. Fourteen woodcuts reproduced from *Sebastian Brant's* "Virgil." Edited by *Anna Cox Brinton*. Stanford University Press. $3.50.

DEPARTMENT STORES. By *Boris Emmet*. Stanford University Press. $4.

CONTRACT BRIDGE BLUE BOOK. By *Ely Culbertson*. Bridge World. $2.

THE PLACE OF AGRICULTURE IN AMERICAN LIFE. By *Wilson Gee*. Macmillan. $2.

MARRIAGE IN THE MELTING POT. By *George Ryley Scott*. London: Werner Laurie.

THE DEBUNKMENT OF ADVERTISING AND PROSPERITY. By *Julian Tinkham*.

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(*Continued on page 510*)

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Rockwell Kent's Books

THE CANTERBURY TALES OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER, together with a version in modern English verse. By WILLIAM VAN WYCK. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. New York: Covici-Friede. 1930. Two vols. 999 copies signed by the artist.

MOBY DICK OR THE WHALE. By HERMAN MELVILLE. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Chicago: Lakeside Press. 1930. Three volumes. 1000 copies. $52.

THE SAME, popular edition, thick 12 mo. New York: Random House. 1930. $3.50.

N BY E. By ROCKWELL KENT. Illustrated by the author. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $3.50.

THE popularity of a pictorial artist in America seldom reaches such heights as at present attends the work of Rockwell Kent. We do unmercifully hero-worship our celebrities, but that such men as Colonel Lindbergh or Henry Ford should be idolized is understandable. Less clear is the furore over such a man as Professor Einstein, who, despite the propaganda of certain newspapers, is still scarcely understood by most people. And the sudden blaze of popularity—although limited to book lovers and book buyers—which has shone on Mr. Kent is only to be understood if we realize how avidly a world of mediocrity welcomes an outstanding man. It seems difficult for Americans to keep any sense of permanent values in such matters, or to maintain that calm appraisal of the work of its craftsmen which is necessary to a steady production of works of art of high merit. One thinks instinctively of such men as Gibson and Christy, whose work was immensely popular—and pretty bad: or of Maxfield Parrish and Howard Pyle, whose work was less popular and much better. For many years there has been no very outstanding illustrator; it is therefore with satisfaction that one finds so competent a man as Kent lifted to a pinnacle of public esteem. And that publishers have been alive to his possibilities shows how readily a first-class illustrator can achieve publication.

Rockwell Kent is not exactly a new comer in the field of illustration. Leaving aside the pot boilers done for advertising—and some of those pictures are very finely rendered—there was the "Candide" which Random House issued two years ago, still one of the finest books of recent years; there were a series of drawings for Casanova which seem to me as good as anything which Kent ever did; in the field of painting there were the unforgetable pictures of Ireland and Alaska and Tierra del Fuego. But since painted pictures cannot be well or adequately reproduced and so made generally available, his recent work as an illustrator is responsible for his vogue. For black and white can be rendered in the printed page with fidelity.

So now we have before us this winter three large books illustrated by Kent—three volumes of quite separate and different kind, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Melville's weird story of the white whale, and, best of all, a story of adventure written and pictured by the adventurer himself. Any one of them would be a distinctive addition to the list of any publishing season; to have three such masterpieces is extraordinary. The sheer labor involved in such an output is large, but to fecundity has been added a success in picturing which is amazing.

The "Canterbury Tales" have been printed as two large folio volumes by the Stratford Press, under the direction of Samuel A. Jacobs The format is interesting: an original text of the poem has been printed in small, amply leaded type as the outer of two columns on each page, while Mr. Van Wyck's translation (of which due notice is to be taken in the *Saturday Review of Literature* by a more competent hand than mine), printed in a large type face occupies the inner columns. The page is well handled, and the type—linotype Granjon—is one of the best: it might be suggested that suitable running heads would have given a final finish to each page. The paper and printing are good, and no attempt has been made, by initials, etc., to compete with Mr. Kent's illustrations.

These illustrations are of course the *raison d'être* of the book. For each Tale there are headbands and tail pieces interesting and of a charming quality. But the dominant note is the full page character study which precedes each Tale. Twenty-five types of medieval men and women are here pictured as Kent imagines them from Chaucer's verse and his own fancy. It is an astonishing gallery—the sublime fatuity of the Wife of Bath alone would make the collection priceless. The technique is as old as the Tales at least—and as living and effective: black and sepia line drawings printed on a white paper.

The binding is in stout buckram, with gold stamping. The only flaw in the general manufacture is the protruding deckle edges. Otherwise the two volumes are a handsome edition of the "Canterbury Tales."

It is a far cry from the chaste insipidity of the first edition of "Moby Dick or The Whale" as Harpers issued it in 1851 to Mr. Kittredge's splendorous edition of 1930. In 1851 the tale was not a classic, nor was typography equal to even a presentable edition. Opinions may differ as to what constitutes a good bit of printing—there may even be those who prefer the small, fat trade edition to the more sumptuous limited (though enough people have liked that to buy out the thousand copies!)—but at least printer and illustrator have sought to give Melville's story an adequate typographic form. The type is Caslon, the paper a thick white wove. There are innumerable pictures—somehow one likes the prodigality with which Kent flings his pictures about, as if he liked to make them and they came easy! The title pages are superb. Against a background the well formed white letters and the barely suggested picture stand out as a brilliant piece of composition and a splendid design.

The trade edition contains the pictures of the limited edition, but not the fine title pages. It is handy and compact, and better for reading than the larger book—a thoroughly sound piece of book making for the library shelf. The pictures have been reproduced almost as well as in the limited edition.

And now there remains "N by E." And what a book it is! The Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* has already had his say about it as literature, but he has not gone half far enough in praise! When a year ago last summer there came word from Greenland that Kent had been wrecked, but was alive, we thanked God that the "darkened fifties" had not taken him as they took Arthur Hildebrand. Now we know that instead of taking another life, they gave Kent an opportunity which perhaps a more prosaic ending to the trip would not have done. I must not trespass on the province of the general reviewer, but I cannot help the feeling that here is one of the finest books of adventure written in our time. Beside it Lawrence's questionable traffickings in Arabia seem tainted, even Count Luckner's sea-voyaging but braggadocio. In every way—in prose style, in illustrations, in format—it is the one book of the year not to be missed. It will go on the small shelf of unforgetable books. It is a well-nigh perfect tribute to that spirit of adventure which mocks even the humdrum presses which enable the adventurer to tell the story. Don't fail to buy it and read it.

There are those who do not like Kent's work, who find it too strong meat in a world dominated by the wash drawings of the popular magazines and the crazy cartooning of the day. But its vigor and forthright drawing is its virtue. It is lusty and alive. It may at times be mystical and symbolic, but it is never pathological or psychological. And, as has been said, thank God for anything as strong as an onion.

R.

THE temptation to reprint the introductions to the Elkin Mathews catalogues is invariably difficult to resist: in the case of the one on "Limited Editions," taken from that firm's catalogue number 34, there is

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nothing else to do but to quote at length.

"There is, by definition, no such thing as an unlimited edition. It is all a question of degree. The limited edition as we know it, in application to the works of modern authors, is really a superior edition. Usually it is a large-paper edition. Whether on larger paper or not, its increasing popularity with publishers and authors is due to the opportunity it offers of tapping a new market. The growth of the habit of collecting first editions of contemporary authors, and the high prices which are sometimes paid for these first editions, has produced a situation which was inevitable. Neither the publisher nor the author can reap any benefit from the enhanced prices of ordinary first editions. It was not to be expected that this potential source of income should permanently evade them, and the limited edition is their answer, their, so to speak, attack on the first edition citadel. At its inception the bookseller and the collector must have regarded it with more than a sympathetic interest. It now threatens, however, the very existence of the sun in which it demanded a place, and if it is to remain as a permanent feature of the collecting of modern first editions, it must change its aspect considerably. There is a distinct attempt, on the part of some publishers, to change completely the collecting of modern first editions, in their endeavour to supplant the "trade" edition, by the expensive and artificially limited signed edition.

While it was possible for the collector, theoretically, to choose which of two editions he would buy, the limited or the ordinary edition, small exception could be raised. The purchasers of the signed edition and of the unsigned each had what he wanted—the one collected both first and limited editions, the other first editions pure and simple.

Lord Dunsany's "Chronicles of Rodriguez" was one of the first attempts to hold a pistol to the collector's head, and to say, "Either you shall pay such and such a sum for the privilege of possessing a first edition of this book, or you must be content with a book which carries its own bibliographical condemnation as a reprint." Time took its revenge on this book by reducing its market value below the published price.

The multiplication of such anomalies would be tedious. Enough has been said to demonstrate the chaos which has been produced by pursuing the publication of limited editions to its pernicious conclusion.

The remedy, as indicated, lies with the collector. The bookseller is heartily tired of the limited edition. The publisher issues it to meet a demand. The demand is fostered by the speculator, and the collector is the victim.

During the past six months Mr. Williamson has published two books, each with a different publisher. Of each book there was a limited edition, signed by the author. The publisher of "The Village Book" announced that he would print a sufficient number of copies to supply all orders received. Result—every collector who desired a copy of the signed and limited edition was supplied. The total number ordered was 504.

The publisher of "The Patriot's Progress" announced that he would publish a limited edition of 350 copies, with the result that the edition was trebly oversubscribed, booksellers were closely rationed, and many collectors had to reconcile themselves to the alternative of either paying an enhanced price or doing without the book altogether.

There are, clearly, not more than about 500 purchasers of a limited edition of a book by Mr. Williamson. The other 500 orders for "The Patriot's Progress" come from speculators.

The remedy would seem obvious. If collectors refuse to support the continuance of hold-up methods: if they instruct their booksellers to send them the first trade edition and cancel their orders for limited editions, they will put a spoke in the wheel of the speculator who gobbles up two-thirds of the edition intended for collectors, and they will buy their books at between one-quarter and one-sixth of the price.

The spate of limited editions is responsible for some ludicrous blunders. D. H. Lawrence's "Glad Ghost" was issued in two forms. An ordinary edition at one shilling, and a special edition at six shillings. The extra five shillings was charged for the addition of the words: "This edition is limited to 500 copies." No signature, no special paper, no binding. Just those seven words, and those words not even by the author of the pamphlet. To prevent a careless bookseller from selling the wrong edition, the publisher encased the expensive edition in manilla envelopes on which he wrote "Limited edition."

The publisher of Mr. Tomlinson's "Sea and the Jungle" announces a limited edition eighteen years after the first edition, and "Illusion" was published as a limited edition one year after its first appearance.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" wait eight years, his "A Commentary" twenty-two years, Hudson's "Green Mansions" twenty-five years, and Gissing's "Workers in the Dawn" fifty years, before attaining the dignity of a numbered edition.

Mr. George Moore issues three limited editions of "Perronik the Fool," but shows no sign of giving us an ordinary edition of the book.

Mr. Masefield's "Right Royal," "Reynard the Fox," and "Philip the King" appear in various limited editions, none of which precedes the ordinary edition.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's publishers find it possible to produce a limited edition, on hand-made paper, of 488 pages, signed by the author, of a 7/6 novel at 18/—. Mrs. Woolf's publishers, on the other hand find a 9/— book of 300 pages must be £3/3/— in limited form. A posthumous story of Joseph Conrad's, occupying about 40 pages, costs the collector £4/4/—; and while Mr. Coppard's publisher can afford to print 320 pages on Japanese vellum, bind it decently, and pay the author to sign it, all for £1/1/—, a reprint of Mr. Beerbohm's "More," of 212 pages, published thirty years after the ordinary edition, which cost 4/6, now costs £1/1/—also.

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Catalogues raise havoc with the calendar, and your quantum-minded correspondents are now feverishly preparing for publication the best-sellers and worst-sellers of the year to come.

A semi-confidential advance bulletin revealing the 1931 program will be sent to any reckless clients of this column who will invest in a two-cent stamp and send their request to *The Inner Sanctum*. . . . . Their courage will be further rewarded by the receipt, (without charge, cost, obligation, or guarantee against shattered vertebrae from paroxysms of laughter) of a never-before-published poem by DOROTHY PARKER, and an equally hilarious, indiscreet, inspired "item" by OGDEN NASH, author of *Hard Lines*, from which is taken [to whet your pre-publication appetite for January 15th, 1931] the following

EXHIBIT B

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

DOROTHY PARKER'S poem, written in the form of a letter to OGDEN NASH from Chalet La Bruyère, Montana-Vermala, Switzerland, October 1930, will certainly make it a Merry Christmas, and the incurably romantic occupants of *The Inner Sanctum* have enough faith in their publishing program for 1931 to believe that the Spring List will make it a Happy New Year—at least for

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"USE This Weeping Towel," says the publisher, *Rae D. Henkle*, on a slip attached to a paper towel which came to us at Christmas. (It was just what we wanted!) Or, says the same publisher, "Give it to the next man who comes in weeping over 'the depression.'" Well, we're not down in Wall Street and we have practically no money in the bank, so we're not weeping. As a "gloom-caster" Henkle recommends *Christine Whiting Parmenter's* "Silver Ribbons." Then, he says, there will be no need for a weeping towel! . . .

We have had a very nice letter from *Virginia Frazer Boyle*, apropos of our own *May Lamberton Becker's* having been made literary editor of *St. Nicholas*. Mrs. Boyle says that it is

good news, for I was brought up on *St. Nicholas* and adored *Mary Mapes Dodge* both editorially and personally. I was also pleased that you reminisced of the old *Century* days, those days when I used to make New York once in the winter (*Mrs. Boyle lives in Tennessee*) for a month or so, when *Richard Watson Gilder* always argued with me because I would use "nigger" instead of "darkey" in my plantation stories, and made a very serious matter of choosing new friends for me. Could it be possible that you are *Albert Bigelow Paine?* (We're afraid not!) You see you don't stutter in your column, and how can I be sure? Mr. Gilder used to say I stopped all business for the morning, the first day I breezed in from the South, but that was a long time ago, and they are all gone, and dear old *Mr. Drake's* collection of rings and bottles has long since been scattered. A short while ago, I had a notice of a Memorial Service from the Grenfel Co. for *Emma Demarest*. (*That is sad news for us, for we used to work at the desk opposite Miss Demarest when first we joined the* Century Magazine.) She and I got in touch with one another about once a year, and also *Robert Underwood Johnson*, up at the *Academy* (long may he be there!) And now the *Century* has passed! I didn't weep to see it go,—it was only the passing of the name which gave the heartache. For my *Century* died with *Mr. Gilder*. A good picture of him hangs over my desk. I didn't have anyone here who knew, to reminisce with, so I wrote the inclosed, as a kind of vent which I send to you with my compliments, only after you have betrayed your mid-Victorian record.

THE PASSING OF *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*

A mid-Victorian dame,— one sees her yet,—
A grand Dame still, with niceties apart;
With frills and brocades intricately set,
And old mine jewels sparkling on her heart.

Immaculate, her graying pompadour
Set high above a fine patrician nose,
Which gave an air to everything she wore,
From tiny buckled shoes to silken hose.

She bore within her hands a sepia scroll . .
Elihu Vedder made to bind her screeds;
And from a world of greatness took her toll
And stamped intelligentsia with her creeds.

And such a legion hearkened to her call
To meet her, squired by Gilder, Johnson, Drake,— . .
What artists hung their pictures on her wall,—
What poets sonneteered for her dear sake!

All down the mellow years she held her sway,—
A Cable and a Stockton were her glories,
And Ruth McEnery Stuart in her day,
And Grace King with her legends and her stories. . .

Mark Twain first seeks her, now come back to town;
Close by, Kate Douglas Wiggin too, we see, . .
With Janvier, winning Provençal renown,
And Edith Thomas shyly pouring tea.

Why name them further? In that charmed salon . .
Like met with like,— the best, the latest flair;
But now the shadows fall, the spell is gone
From out the halls that looked on Union Square.

A mid-Victorian dame, serene and bright,
She smiled with tender memories that come,
And to her lovers waves a gay goodnight,
And calls her waiting brougham to take her home.

We thank Mrs. Boyle for her graceful verses. We have most pleasant memories of the old *Century Magazine*, but we never had the good fortune to know Mr. Gilder as editor. It was after Mr. Gilder's death that Mr. Johnson gave us our first job in New York. However, we served in the old Union Square offices, before the firm moved over to Fourth Avenue. And we served in both vicinages for seven years. We are proud of it. No magazine office that we have ever seen, though many of the new ones are most gorgeous and luxurious, could equal the old precincts where *Mr. Johnson*, *Mr. Buel*, *Mr. Drake*, and *Mr. Crowninshield* once held sway. Not to mention *Mr. Clarke* and *Mrs. Marshall* of *St. Nicholas*. Also three of the most delightful women we have ever met were among the old Centurions: *Miss Isabel M. Grier*, *Miss Harriet Bliss* (now *Mrs. George Ford*) and *Mrs. Anne Stoddard*. If there was anything of a humorous nature in the daily course of office routine that these three did not seize upon and deeply relish we don't know what it was! Also everybody, as we remember it, was the soul of kindness. The office battles fought over manuscripts were high-hearted skirmishes. If youth was always trying to be served and sometimes felt that it couldn't even get waited on, still every day's work seemed an adventure, a voyage of discovery. There is a golden haze haunting about our memories of those days in the consulship of Plancus. It was a merry time! . . .

John Galsworthy is spending the winter in Arizona. He arrived here just before Christmas, accompanied by Mrs. Galsworthy. . . .

Knut Hamsun used to be a wandering shoemaker, and the vagabond life of his youth gives him material for his new novel "Vagabonds," published by Coward-McCann. . . .

Students in and near Philadelphia have formed a magazine called *Winter Leaves*. It is independent of any college and privately endowed so as to be free from the necessity of appealing to any class of students. The first issue is to appear in February, all manuscripts for it will be due in January. Anyone interested should communicate with *Bertram H. Schaffner*, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. . . .

Elizabeth Coatsworth who recently published a very nice poem about a cat in *The Saturday Review* received the following indignant protest from a friend:

What's wrong with your cat, I'd like to know,
Is she super-refined, exotic?
That being pregnant makes her slow,
Introspective and neurotic?

My feminine feline carried her kits
While she out-hunted their father,
She licked the dogs to canine bits
Then delivered herself without bother. . .

Her first were three and exceeding sweet
With tiny tigrish markings,
At six weeks old they were eating meat
While she was renewing her sparkings.

Judge Ben Lindsey, so recently so much in the public eye, is preparing what his publishers call "the most revealing volume of human interest that has yet come from his thirty years of intimate experience in the problems of childhood, love, marriage, divorce and the sex life of youth and age in his famous juvenile and family relations court in Denver." The book's title will be "Forbidden Lives." Judge Lindsey is also writing still another book called "The Dangerous Life." Horace Liveright will be the publisher for both. . . .

William Morrow and Company are publishing an interesting volume entitled "Our Mysterious Panics," by *Charles Albert Collman*. It should be particularly of the day. One publishing firm have already been forbidden by their bankers to publish it because of the dynamite! . . .

Happy New Year!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 508)

Travel

A TRAVELLER IN INDIAN TERRITORY. The Journal of ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, late Major-General in the United States Army. Edited and annotated by GRANT FOREMAN. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: 1930. The Torch Press.

We have here a hitherto unpublished report of a four months' tour of inspection among the Five Civilized Tribes of the old Indian Territory, 1842, by an unprejudiced, observant, and scholarly officer of literary taste. It vividly presents the frauds, the factions, the barbarities and humbugs of the Indian Bureau of that day, and has therefore been pigeonholed until now. The principal men of the region—Sequoyah, John Ross, and the rest, are clearly portrayed. An important document in a readable style, edited by our foremost scholar in this particular field. Well illustrated with rare photographs and a map.

Books Briefly Described

REALISM IN ROMANTIC JAPAN. By MIRIAM BEARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

An interesting and thoroughly documented volume, by no means a mere travel book. On the contrary, it is enriched by the careful observations of a trained mind and is essentially a social study of Japan. It can be highly recommended for those who want to know what Japan is like as a modern nation rich in conflicts with an earlier order.

A CENTURY WITH NORFOLK NAVAL HOSPITAL. By RICHMOND C. HOLCOMB. Portsmouth, Va.: Printcraft Publishing Co. 1930.

A book local in its scope but more than local in its interest since it gives with complete and often most interesting detail the history of a great hospital for a hundred years.

THE BOOKLOVERS DIARY. Edited by JAMES THRALL SOBY. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1930. $2.

A convenient manual with brief articles on reading, printing, publishing, one hundred famous books, etc., with lists of important recent books and a diary for the notes of booklovers.

TOM O'BEDLAM AND HIS SONG. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Westport, Conn: Richard W. Ellis: The Georgian Press. Limited Edition. Signed by the Author. 1930.

The old song of Tom O'Bedlam upon which Mr. Machen has built an essay in which he demonstrates that far from being mad the song deals with the same perceptions that came to Poe and Coleridge. The Song itself is originally Elizabethan, the essay typically modern and characteristic of Mr. Machen's thinking.

THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION. An Annotated Guide. By SEYMOUR SMITH. New York: Scribner's. 1930. $3.

A valuable bibliography of translations from the Greek and Latin with, in many cases, some quoted comment as to the merit of the translation. Prefaced by an essay by H. B. Van Hoesen. This is a book for the general reader.

DIE ENGLISCHE LITERATUR DER VEREINIGTEN STAATEN VON NORDAMERIKA. Von DR. WALTHER FISCHER. Potsdam: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft Athenaion, M. B. H. 1930.

A valuable survey of American literature from the earliest period to the most modern writers and publications. Abundantly illustrated. Useful for its German point of view and for its careful assembling of important books and references. A disproportionate emphasis of space is placed upon the modern period, but this is doubtless to meet the needs of a public to whom textbooks on the nineteenth and earlier centuries are accessible.

THE ENGLISHMAN AND HIS BOOKS IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY. By AMY CRUSE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. 1930. $3.50.

A companion volume to its author's "The Shaping of English Literature." Mrs. Cruse has culled from the literature of the years 1790-1837 reference to the reading of the time, and so indirectly has presented an illuminating portrayal of the tastes and inclinations of the period.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Why I Pity the Poor Scholar

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

This evening I have read in the columns of the *Saturday Review* an editorial entitled "Pity the Poor Scholar." I do not wish to take issue with the writer. Nevertheless, I wish to state that neither he nor any other man in America can ever make me, as one out of our 120,000,000, ever "pity the poor scholar" on account of the reasons he has advanced.

This does not mean that I am not in sympathy with the well known precedent of giving the scholar a better chance to appear in the *Saturday Review* columns than is accorded to him by periodicals of lesser worth. I think it is a highly laudable plan in so far as the scholar proves himself able to justify such confidence. On the other hand, I take umbrage at the slighting remarks regarding the "callow youth with the ink hardly dry on his sheepskin" . . . "the less pliant and less informed output of the tyro." I do *not* believe that *worthwhile* youth has learned "for twenty years back all that they know of history and literature" from their scholarly professors! I am willing to hazard the guess (about something of which I know nothing at all) that in the *Saturday Review's* "new books" department the boy of this type is given a chance to show what he can do; while, on the other hand, the established scholar, as such, is given the opportunity to display his wares in larger reviews, special articles, as well as in the department entitled "Books of Special Interest." The point I wish to make is that, for one, I prefer the samples of literary criticism emanating from that vast army of the unknown, many of whose names do not appear after their reviews, to the majority of those accompanied by a name that bears the proud title of professor at such and such a well known university. For example, I should like to know who wrote the reviews of "Three Studies in European Conservatism," "The Politics of Laurence Sterne," "The Unity of the World," "Francis Joseph I: The Downfall of an Empire," and "The New Education in Austria." After these questions have been answered I should like to inquire why some of these critics—if they were not the same person—would not have been far better qualified to have written reviews for some of those offerings on which the "scholars of national reputation" failed miserably? Or was it only their secretaries who failed?

The writer would seem to assume that because a man is purported to be a scholar, because he has such and such degrees, because he has had so many years of experience as a prominent "educator," because he holds an over-respected position in a university to which great prestige is, deservedly or undeservedly, attached, that he therefore knows considerably more of that which he says, and knows considerably better how to say it, than does the man who is an "unknown." Don't think I favor the cheap journalist, or the persistent hack; I have no use for either species. But can it be possible that the wire-pulling, the log-rolling, the boot-licking, the mediocrity of intellect, the stolen reputations—*as well as the injured*, the "scraping and bowing," the borrowed learning, the "bluffing," the plagiarism, the underhanded politics, the pedantic jealousies, the overbearing egoism, and all the other pleasantries go on, at almost every seat of higher learning and culture in the country? Did he ever read ninety per cent of the book reviews in a learned society's publication?

How many scholars ever write and perfect the learned works on which their reputations are established? How many learned works are guaranteed the cost of publication in advance, either by well paid professors who can afford to do so or by the fact that they teach in institutions large enough to ensure the sale of three or four hundred copies the first year, thus eliminating the opportunity for some obscure scholar, who lacks the position or the funds, to publish a better work and win a better reputation! And how do your established scholars treat the works of their rivals? They are afraid to decry the works of a well known man for fear the other, who also "rates," will knock the bottom out of their own fragile compositions. But when the work of an "unknown" appears, some "authority," by a word, has the power to condemn it to oblivion: for balderdash, tripe, wasted effort, poor punctuation, poor proof-reading, a footnote incorrect, a word misspelled, a a word, has the power to condemn it to obscurity." If the pseudo-scholar doesn't hazard conclusions his work has no *raison d'être;* if he does it's to be viewed with alarm because the man's opinions lack authority! Conversely, if an "authority" hazards speculations, they're the "ripe" and "mature" reflections of ten or twenty years, or of a lifetime! If an "established scholar" indulges in flowery metaphors, in fine writing, in an overabundance of obscure documents, his writing is filled with music, with *plena ac numerosa oratio*, with elegant and rhythmic periods that swell beautifully and so are adopted as readings in sophomore English classes. His writings show the skilled use of original sources; his work is a monument to scholarship! But let the "unknown" attempt a like enterprise. The established scholar grabs it and

Than Yre come in with sturt and stryfe,
His hand was ay upoun his knyfe.

For nothing can overcome the "ire" and disdain of the man who speaks with prosaic authority regarding the work of one who is "not yet arrived."

Some day I am going to write a book that will show how certain great authorities of the early twentieth century in America won their reputations; that will set forth the plagiarisms in certain books that are now regarded as some "last word" in original research; that will show how they have violated the primary rule of scholarship, as laid down years ago in Pinkerton's "Essay on Medals," when he said: "The sole evidence we can have of the veracity of a historian consists in such collateral documents as are palpable to all, and can admit of no falsification."

I have read the reviews of some of the very learned scholars, and I have seen them strive horribly for vigor, and rhythm, and originality in expression; or for a kindliness and well meant advice that will cloak their jealousy of a composition they themselves could not have equalled, without hiding their well evidenced superiority. Conceited writers do not know, apparently, that they reveal their spirit so much in their writing that it imprints on their style a character of ill-becoming pertness. And as for their individual style: "They would not have it run *without rubs, as if that stile were more* strong and manly, that stroke the eare with a kind of unevenesse."

I have also heard the editor admit, not long ago, that it is to be regretted that our colleges turn out materialists, business men, technicians, *et al*, and so seldom turn out cultured individuals. "Perhaps if their teachers initiated the policy of Jacob, and put peeled rods before them at the critical moment, perhaps they would bring forth calves that were ring-straked and speckled and spotted." But why is it that our country spends, *per capita*, five times as much on education as any other, and turns out less educated specimens than the Scandinavians, Germans, French, Dutch, Swiss, English, and others? Because our "callow youths" are denied that breadth of viewpoint, that *audiatur et altera pars*, that interest in their welfare, that honest guidance, and all the other accompaniments of the high and mighty ideals that are supposed to be bestowed by the Gods of the mighty who hold the chairs in our colleges and universities. Of course there are always those professors who take an interest, but they are far outnumbered by those whose main idea seems to be to display their personalities, or their knowledge, or to persuade their students that such and such a subject is the most important; or by those who flunk the student that differs, and give honors to the grinning stick who wags his head approvingly and never ventures a thought of his own on any subject. Another reason is because we falsely measure education by credits and degree rather than by scope, ability, and accomplishments. Nowadays no newcomer can teach permanently in a college unless he has a Ph.D. (I speak from bitter experience), and I've met more illiterate Ph.D. holdersforth than I could well list in a day (and I've met a fair number of them in New England and New York, those dear old centers of light and learning). I don't mind stating, in this connection, that I regret the passing of the "little-red-schoolhouse," even in a state as "backward" as Pennsylvania; yet even more do I regret the fact that half the college teachers in the state aren't half so estimable in character nor quite so able in mentality as those same little-red-school-house teachers who have been kicked out of their jobs because they didn't have the requisite number or kind of degrees or "*credits* in education." I accept with resignation the fact that I would not be allowed to teach in even such a school; indeed, it seems fitting enough in that desirable state of affairs where "they who can, do; and they who can't, teach," —or where, if they can neither do nor teach, they can still be research workers.

Who are the scholars? I admit there always have been a few: West, Mather, Van Dyke, Munro, Copeland, Grandgent, Coolidge, Rand, Cross, McMaster, Burr, Breasted, and others of like calibre—but how many in proportion to the hundreds of thousands of students who flock after degrees? Most of the old type have passed or are passing, and who is taking their place? Entirely too many who get their positions by "pull" of one kind or another, and then rusticate. The type of men who let their students and secretaries "do it." The type that "keeps up" with certain trends in science, art, and literature, because it's "the thing to do": . . .

"Do you read Galsworthy?"
"Well, *rawthah!*"
"What do you think of so and so?"
"A little suspect, my dear fellow, a little suspect. Did you observe how—put him in his place in the—*Quarterly?*"

. . . Or the kind of men who try to reform society by taking something away and putting nothing in its place, as do so many modern scientists, historians, and political economists. The kind of men who hold precariously to that little shred of intellectual superiority, or to that social elevation which is theirs only by grace of public worship of education! The kind of men *whose only claim to respectability comes* from academic considerations; who lack a background and a tradition, yet hold firmly, with the tenacity of the uncouth parvenu, to an aristocracy of learning!

Once, in the Renaissance, Humanism was a power. It declined with the egoistic *virtu*, the "bat-eyed" pedantry, and the agnostic erosions of its members. For the first time since then, scholars are beginning to display an activity which is comparable to that of the Humanists, at least in manifestations of conceit and superiority. But don't accept their outpourings on "prestige value" any more than on faith! Make them evince a farsighted breadth of view rather than a shortsighted narrowness. Do not allow their criticism to make mountains out of molehills. Let them learn to build with character and ideas instead of with items and phrases! Let them cast away the superficiality of method which they eschew and not make artisans out of thinkers, puppets out of children, and "robots" out of idealists!

Yes, I pity the poor scholar. More than any other individual he has to "make or break" his very being in the struggle for recognition. But the type of scholar I pity is not the type of which the writer speaks. I pity the one who has borne the brunt of struggle—to either win recognition deservedly, or fail with honor—for him the way has not been charted, the mists of obscurity have not been dispelled, and there is no golden path to light his footsteps.

I realize what my critics may say, and whence emanate their voices when they repeat the old formula: "To hear such sounds, smells horribly in the eye of imagination." Or then again,

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! And what art thou?
A solitary fly.
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy Spring is gone—
. . . . . .

FRANCIS G. SHAW

Lancaster, Penn.

Mr. Shaw asks for the names of the reviewers of certain brief reviews printed anonymously in the "New Books" section of the SATURDAY REVIEW. *It is the policy of the* SATURDAY REVIEW *to use the same reviewers for its brief and unsigned as for its longer and signed reviews. The reviewers in question were Professor Charles Seymour of Yale, Professor Isaac L. Kandel of Teachers College, Columbia, Mr. Arthur Colton, and Mr. L. W. Eshleman. It is our experience that, in reviewing, men of established reputation are very likely to justify their repute, but it is ability, not academic position, that influences our choice of a reviewer.* —THE EDITORS.

The final chapters of the book are devoted to the conditions in Soviet Russia. A parallel is drawn by the author between the former Ochrana and the Tsheka (Soviet Secret Police); in comparison with the "New Ochrana" its predecessor appears as a very humane system.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Murder Will Out

"THE Dying Alderman" (Brewer & Warren: $2.), by the Henry Wade whose "The Duke of York's Steps" was highly praised by the moguls of the mystery world but which this reviewer found uncommonly dull and involved, is a much better story than its predecessor. Trant, alderman in an English town, is stabbed to death at his desk in the council chamber shortly after a debate in which he has called names right and left. In his last moments he has scrawled two letters of the alphabet which throw suspicion on two people. Inspector Lott of Scotland Yard and the local police force check up, alibis, etc., and finally pin the crime on a man whose machinations the dead alderman had unearthed. When they arrest him for the murder he commits suicide—and then comes the surprise of the story. It is a tale of a crime that was planned all too well. The time check on the comings and goings of the various characters calls for careful reading and a bit too frequent consultation of the diagram in the front of the book—to those who take their mysteries seriously—but as a whole "The Dying Alderman" is a class-A yarn.

Mystery stories from the French are usually pretty poor, and "The Snake of Luvercy," by Maurice Renard (Dutton: $2) is no exception. It tells of an orphaned heiress, her fiancé, a wicked aunt-guardian of the heiress—who would marry the girl to her son and keep the money in the family, one Charlot, an apache by night who by day is presumably some one quite different, and a strange death by snake bite in a French chateau. The fiancé of the girl is the detective—an amateur of course—and the solution is one of those that comes in a sudden flash. The tale would be better reading if the translation were better—and how, one wonders, could a character in a story set in the present be a veteran of the *Grand Armée?*

For continuous excitement, masterfully presented, there is nothing better now on tap than "Charlie Chan Carries On," by Earl Derr Biggers (Bobbs-Merrill: $2). It is a mass-murder yarn and its solution hinges on one word, which the reader will most certainly miss. Charlie doesn't appear until page 185, up to which point four unsolved murders have been committed, the name of the murderer and the fact that he is travelling incognito with a party of 'Round the World tourist have been discovered, and Inspector Duff of Scotland Yard—a character almost as likable as Charlie Chan himself—has collected almost enough evidence to make the pinch. But Charlie and Duff hardly have time to renew their acquaintance in Honolulu when the latter is also bopped by the indefatigable killer—and then Charlie carries on. Before the tale is over he too almost meets his death. The story is full of interesting and amusing characters, has a pleasant secondary love interest and ceases to enthrall only in those moments when Charlie goes Kai Lung and spills flowery Chinese maxims over the landscape.

"The Unforeseen," by J. C. Snaith (Appleton: $2.50), is a more dignified affair than the average murder story. It is based on the conviction for murder of a young Englishman who would not reveal the proof that the girl he loved was the last person in the room in which her husband was found murdered, until the young man himself appeared, the room happening to be in his own apartment. David Oxley misses hanging by a hair's breadth and goes to jail. When he is finally released he finds his sweetheart waiting for him, and in their first conversation is amazed to find out that she thinks him as guilty as he supposes her to be. There is one man who knows the truth and he has disappeared. At last he is found and reveals the facts that clear up an unusual and absorbing mystery, written with the fine craftsmanship that marks all Mr. Snaith's work. The master of the paradox is revealed again in G. K. Chesterton's latest collection of pseudo-mystery stories, "Four Faultless Felons" (Dodd, Mead: $2.50). They are all vastly clever, filled with witty dialogue and ingeniously contrived situations—but they leave you longing for a certain preoccupied little priest named Father Brown.

Gilbert Shane who solves the murder mystery in "Diary of Death," by Wilson Collison (McBride: $2.), is one of the "quaint" school of detectives—badly dressed, writing in a soiled notebook, smoking a villainous pipe, etc.—but unerring in his deductions. He gave this reader a great pain. The crime whose perpetrator he discovered is constructed out of the whole cloth and described, in the most abhorent diary method.

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